

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,827. Vol. 70.

November 1, 1890.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

Foreign Affairs.

THE principal interest in foreign affairs at the close of last week lay in the celebration of the ninetieth birthday of Count MOLTKE.—It was also announced that the first step has been taken to carry out the Anglo-French African Agreement by the appointment of English Commissioners to execute the delimitation of the Gambia and Sierra Leone. This is an important business, though far less important and less difficult than the similar operations between Lake Tchad and Senegambia will be.—Fresh, though not serious, disturbances are reported as having broken out in Ticino, and others in Fribourg at the opposite side of the Confederation.—On Tuesday the States-General of Holland received formal intimation of the KING's inability to govern, and had laid before them a proposition for regency.—The reciprocal misbehaviour—for there seem to have been even more than usual faults on both sides—of the deceased German KUNTZEL and his followers and the Sultan of VITU has brought a troublesome little affair on English, not German, shoulders; and the SULTAN, proving recalcitrant, punishment has had to be administered by Admiral FREMANTLE. There is little doubt that the Arab slavers, having been beaten in their attempt on the Germans, are now "trying it on" with the English; but something of the sort was almost certainly to be expected. VITU, which attempted serious resistance, was captured by the fleet on Monday or Tuesday with trifling loss. It is by no means impossible that this intimation that Great Britain has teeth as well as Germany may do some good, though it is a pity, doubtless, that the transfer should so soon have been marked with blood.—The sinister rumours as to the Mashonaland Expedition are fully contradicted, and the force is said to have already turned its swords, not, indeed, into reaping-hooks, but into prospecting picks.—In the Greek elections the TRICOUPI Government lost so much, and the Opposition, especially the section led by M. DELYANNIS, won so much, that M. TRICOUPI has resigned, and his rival has been called in. This is to be regretted, not in that M. TRICOUPI is more than relatively good, but in that M. DELYANNIS is quite positively bad. It can hardly be forgotten even by the average Englishman how his reckless folly very nearly set the Eastern question in a blaze again the other day; and in the temper in which the CZAR still is towards Bulgaria a firebrand-finger at the head of affairs in Greece would be a serious thing. However, as M. TRICOUPI is suspected of having latterly become Panhellenic and filibusterous, "Mad JOHN" may have become harmless and law-abiding. We confess, however, that we do not like this "may" as security for the peace of Europe.—The Bulgarian Parliament has opened with a good speech, temperate but resolute, from Prince FERDINAND.—Very frequent and somewhat contradictory rumours have been started of new negotiations between England and Portugal, but nothing solid is known.—The Behring Sea question has been regularly re-opened at Washington this week. At present Lord SALISBURY's well-known despatch holds the field, and it has to be seen what the other side will do or say. There are fresh troubles, or renewals of the old troubles, in the other and much more difficult Fishery question—that of Newfoundland.

News was received this day week of Mr. Home Politics. BALFOUR's progress, without an escort, through Mayo. This tour, which was prolonged through the wildest and remotest parts of Connaught, seems to have annoyed the Nationalists in Dublin—not the people on the spot—even more than Mr. BALFOUR's playing golf at North Berwick. So hard is it to please them—or, perhaps, so easy do they fear it will be to cut the ground from under

their feet.—The appointment of the Scotch Solicitor-General, Mr. DARLING, to a judgeship was made public on the same day. Sir CHARLES PEARSON has been appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland in Mr. DARLING's room.—Mr. STANHOPE spoke politically in Lincolnshire, and Lord COLERIDGE non-politically in London, on Tuesday. The L.C.J., it would seem, does not think much of leading articles. Men of wit may diagnose from this that writers of leading articles have not always thought much of the L.C.J.—On Thursday there was a good deal of speaking. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, at Kilmarnock, preluded Lord HARTINGTON in reply to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. COURTNEY delivered a characteristic address at Torpoint, in which, saying in the main very sensible things about Ireland, he made the exception of "independence" necessary to persons of his idiosyncrasy in reference to the Tipperary prosecutions. Mr. SCHNADHORST, that bright example of the power of Gladstonism unaided by any force but argument to influence the political judgment, was entertained in London. Cardinal MANNING received and addressed a deputation of Jews.—The Tipperary prosecutions have pursued their dreary and confused way, and the sanction of boycotting has been applied by the advanced guard of Mr. PARNELL's party to a girl named MARY FLANAGAN. They meant to murder her father; by an unfortunate mistake they murdered her. Of such is the kingdom of Mr. GLADSTONE.

Corre- spondence.

An extremely painful correspondence, on which we comment fully elsewhere, has taken place between Mr. STANLEY and the representatives of Major BARTELOT, and has given occasion to a vast deal of interviewing and gossip; while some rather ill-considered eulogies of the late Sir RICHARD BURTON have had the natural effect of stirring up Captain SPEKE's friend and companion, Colonel GRANT, to speak certain truths.—On Friday morning "B" addressed himself to Mr. GLADSTONE and his treatment of the Plan of Campaign. But we fear this is breaking, not a butterfly, but a polyp, on the wheel of "B."

Mr. GLADSTONE's third great—or, at least, long Scotch Tour.—speech was delivered at Dalkeith this day week. It had to do chiefly with Scotch Disestablishment and Scotch Home Rule generally, points on which, it is hardly necessary to say, Mr. GLADSTONE is showing himself a very bright specimen indeed of the aged gentleman whose education has been neglected, but who is trying to repair the misfortune. He has discovered that he does not love the Union with Scotland much better than the Union with Ireland; that he does not love the Established Church of Scotland at all; and that defence of the Church is "sheer Toryism." We have no particular objection to this last phrase ourselves, but it must be, from Mr. GLADSTONE, and to the very considerable body of perhaps illogical persons who call themselves at once sincere Liberals and sincere Churchmen, very interesting. The fourth vial was opened at Edinburgh on Monday, and turned out a very singular olio of contents, touching all sorts of matters. Mr. GLADSTONE protested as usual that, if the Government will only bring in good Bills, they shall not be obstructed (Did he ever hear of the great game of "I think: you call"?); and rejoiced in a way which, if the speaker were younger, we fear we should have to call senile, over his own cleverness in keeping his next Home Rule plan quite dark. One of the most amusing things in the speech was a pathetic entreaty from Mr. GLADSTONE to Gladstonian faddists. Certainly it can hardly be said to be out of place in itself; but still, is Mr. GLADSTONE the man to make it? As long as his candidates have the admirably capacious swallow which Mr. ROBY and—not to be invidious—many others with him have shown, the fads of the faddist will

not do Mr. GLADSTONE any harm. If his candidates were to develop scruples, it might, indeed, be awkward; but then they would hardly be his candidates. On the off-days Mr. GLADSTONE made some non-political speeches at different places, which were, as such speeches by such a man must almost necessarily be, interesting enough. But he would do a great favour to many deserving persons if he would tell us where he obtains paraffin candles at fivepence a pound which are as good as the wax or spermaceti candles of old time. On Wednesday, at Dundee, the MCKINLEY Bill and Art chiefly occupied Mr. GLADSTONE. In reference to the first we may again ask, What have Englishmen to do with that? If Americans choose to tax themselves, they have surely a perfect right to do so without our interference, so long as they do not impose (as in this case they have not imposed) differential duties to our special prejudice and the special benefit of others. If an American were to call Mr. GLADSTONE's comments impertinent we could hardly object. Still it may comfort weak-kneed Free-traders to know that this outrage to the great goddess Free-trade does not alarm her mightiest high priest. As for minor matters, Mr. GLADSTONE characteristically went out of his way to butter Citizen CARNEGIE and said some ingenious and unobjectionable things about Scottish art. It is really a pity that some operation cannot be performed on Mr. GLADSTONE which would make it impossible for him ever to talk politics. He would be quite valuable.

On Monday JUSTICES DAY and LAWRENCE decided against Mr. CONYBEARE on the question whether or no his School Board seat was forfeited by his conviction under the Crimes Act, and (not to the credit of English law) a fresh suit on the subject of the St. Paul's reredos was begun before the appeal on the old has been decided by the House of Lords.—The attempt to fix pecuniary liability upon the persons concerned with the late Irish Exhibition failed before Mr. Justice KEKEWICH on Tuesday. Such exhibitions do not appear to be lucky; for on Wednesday it was also reported that a petition for the liquidation of the Edinburgh Exhibition had been presented in Scotland.—The Queen's Bench Division has had before it a case of real interest about "a blue of beer," a delightful local Welsh term which (we regret to have to agree with Mr. Justice HAWKINS and Mr. Justice STEPHEN) is illegal. Everything nice will be illegal soon.—The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder in what is called the Hampstead case against ELEANOR WHEELER, *alias* Mrs. PIERCEY, on Tuesday.

The last day of the Houghton Meeting was by far the most interesting to those who regard racing from other points of view than those of the betting-ring, Prince SOLTYKOFF's Sheen meeting, with a year to the good, two pounds to the bad, and at exactly even betting, General BYRNE's Amphion, on a two miles course, for the last of Mr. ROSE's 1,000*l.* plates. That is racing. The four-year-old, good as he is, could not hold his own with Sheen (for whom running was made by Lusignan, while two other light weights started), and Prince SOLTYKOFF's horse won by three lengths. At Lincoln and Lewes this week nothing very interesting happened.

It was announced early this week that the Australian mining and shipping strikes were practically at an end, the employers having won all along the line. This, from further intelligence, would appear to be somewhat premature; but there is little doubt that the success of the employers has been great. At the same time came the good news that the London Dock Companies have revolted against Union tyranny, that Union tickets will no longer be demanded or recognized, and that Labour representatives must earn their twelve and sixpence a day in some more laborious fashion. It is to be hoped that this good spirit will be maintained and will spread. The Dockers' Union advises its clients to take this change, which does not affect any of their real advantages, "lying down"; and this may at least be taken as evidence that strikes are not as much in the ascendant as they were recently.

Almost everything necessary to justify the Reconciliation Service in St. Paul's was supplied last week by the Church Association, who protested against it; while two days later the coincident disapproval of Lord GRIMTHORPE and Mr. VOYSEY may be said to have set the matter beyond doubt.—On the same day Mr. Justice STEPHEN passed the very moderate and well-considered sentence of seven years on WALTER LYONS, the Plum-

stead murderer.—CASTONI was committed at Bow Street, despite the "political" nonsense, on the charge of murdering M. ROSSI.—On Tuesday there was laid before the London County Council a very extensive plan for reorganizing the dwellings in certain East End districts—a plan whereon the Council not unwisely paused.—A deputation from all the leading railway Companies waited on Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH on the same day to protest against the new schedules of rates.—The Chapel Royal, Whitehall, has been closed by the QUEEN's order. Although a building of the highest interest, the Chapel, as a chapel, has no antiquity, and, indeed, is not a chapel at all, having never been consecrated, and its restoration to other uses need not, therefore, be regretted.—The dogs succeeded the cats on show at the Crystal Palace this week.

Mr. CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE had a name as much in the mouths of men as any Englishman's, and one, perhaps, as heartily and unjustly abused. Unsuccessful authors abused Mr. MUDIE because he did not buy their books, or not enough of them; successful ones (sometimes) because he bought too many, and prevented other people from buying for themselves; bad ones because he boycotted them, good ones because his wares interfered with better reading. Probably none of these curses affected Mr. MUDIE much, and whatever one may think of the circulating library system, it must be admitted that in respect of it he did with his might what his hand found to do.—Mr. MCCORMICK was an Arctic traveller of great age, and scarcely excelled experience.—Sir LUMLEY GRAHAM, a retired Crimean officer of merit, who met with a carriage accident a month ago during the cavalry manoeuvres, was again thrown from his carriage by the bolting of the same horse on Saturday last, and killed.—Dr. ARMITAGE had been a great supporter of the movement for educating the blind.

Mr. FROUDE's *Lord Beaconsfield*, the first of Books, &c. a new series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers" (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), appeared at the beginning of the week, and we comment on it elsewhere.—Mr. NIMMO has splendidly issued the late Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL's splendid *Artists of Spain* in four volumes.—A pamphlet in French, which may produce some effect on at least French Catholic opinion, has been issued on *Mgr. O'Dwyer et les Nationalistes Irlandais* (MCORQUODALE).—The third volume of that very interesting work of undevout imagination which it pleases M. RENAN to call *Histoire d'Israël* has also appeared in France.—M. LEFÈVRE's adapted *Roméo et Juliette* has been produced with success at the Odéon in Paris; and Mme. ALBANI made her first appearance this season in *La Traviata* at the Royal Italian Opera on Thursday night.

OVER AT LAST.

IT may safely be assumed, we think, that the speech which Mr. GLADSTONE delivered last Saturday was, of the whole tedious series, the one on which he had bestowed the most thought, and the probable effect of which formed his principal subject of anxiety. No extraordinary penetration is required to see that this champion waiter upon the Providence of the polling-booth is not at all comfortable on the subject of Scotch Disestablishment; and there is no great conjectural rashness in surmising that one main cause of his discomfort is due to a deliberate act of his own. We shrewdly suspect that, if Mr. GLADSTONE could recall his vote on Dr. CAMERON's motion, he would be very glad to do so. He strikes us as casting a longing eye at that comfortable seat on the top of the fence which he so long occupied, and from which last Session he so inconsiderately descended; and we quite believe that he has of late asked himself with increasing frequency whether there ever was really any overmastering reason for getting down. Reason, no doubt, there was of a sufficiently, or what then seemed a sufficiently, urgent kind, though we need not say that it had no relation whatever to the absurd pretext on which Mr. GLADSTONE justified at the time, and has now again justified, his vote in favour of Scotch Disestablishment. It is, of course, the merest fetch to pretend that, after having twice abstained from voting on this motion on the plea that the wishes of Scotland on the subject had not been ascertained, he had become suddenly convinced, by the result of the bye-elections, that the mind of the country was made up to disestablish its Church. We may take it as tolerably certain that it was not the Scotch

constituencies that were engaging Mr. GLADSTONE's anxious attention at that moment, but the Scotch members, and that he came to the conclusion that, in order to give a vote which would quicken their Parliamentary loyalty, it was worth his while to run the apparently but slight risk of anticipating by a little—but a very little—the jump, to be almost certainly predicted, of the Scottish cat. Nor would he now question the wisdom of this calculation if he felt equally sure of the facts on which he founded it. His uneasiness arises from the circumstance that he does not now feel equally sure of those facts. He perceives too late that a good deal of what he thought indifference, if not antipathy, to the Scotch Establishment was merely the inaction of defenders whom his own vote has now awakened to a recognition of the seriousness of the attack upon that institution, and that though it is of course impossible for him to remount the fence again, he must not too confidently assume that he has alighted on the right side, but must endeavour to keep up through the palings as much amicable communication as possible with the party in the other field. Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at Dalkeith is instinct with this perception from end to end. If any one doubts that, let him consider all its hesitations and compromises on the question of the position which Disestablishment is to occupy in the Gladstonian programme, and compare them with the language which he would have used on the subject, and the insistence with which he would probably have dwelt on the bargain of Home Rule for Ireland against Disestablishment for Scotland if he had only felt sure of his ground.

With the rest of his speech at Dalkeith we need not long concern ourselves. It contains many gems of Gladstonian casuistry for which it would be a delight to us, did space allow, to provide such a setting as might serve to bring out their full lustre; but we must reluctantly leave unnoticed both Mr. GLADSTONE's revised statement of his views on boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, and the inimitably inconsequent arguments which he founded on the Salford boycotting conviction. If any of those "hard-headed Scots," whom Mr. GLADSTONE apparently assumes to be gullible by the rawest of fallacies, should really have been taken in by this one, we will merely ask them whether they have considered the application of Mr. GLADSTONE's argument—which is, in effect, that if a given state of the law secures personal liberty, the mode of administering that law is immaterial—to the proceedings of the English law courts in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We must pass on, however, from this fascinating subject to another of greater importance, which occupied a portion of one of Mr. GLADSTONE's last week's speeches, and was then touched upon by us accordingly, but which he has now more fully dealt with in his closing address at Edinburgh. We refer, of course, to the new Home Rule scheme, so far as its author vouchsafes to disclose it, and in particular to that highly important modification of it—the proposed retention of the Irish members at Westminster. On this Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude is more Gladstonian, in the very latest and very worst sense of that word, than on any other part of the question. We remarked last week that Mr. GLADSTONE's undertaking to devise a plan for retaining an Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament after the establishment of Irish Home Rule was an undertaking to perform the impossible; to do that, in fact, which he had declared it beyond the wit of man to accomplish. He has been moved, it seems, by the repetition of this criticism in a letter from a correspondent, and he characteristically replies to it by denying that he ever declared it beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme for retaining the Irish members of Parliament. What he said, he now alleges, was, that it was beyond the wit of man to devise a scheme for that purpose which "would not be open to objection, or would be free from inconvenience." It would be inexcusable paltering with truth on our own part to refrain from describing this statement by its right name. It is a falsehood pure and simple. Mr. GLADSTONE said not a word about objections or inconveniences. What he said was, that it was beyond the wit of man—absolutely, unconditionally beyond it—to do what he has just declared it to be indispensable to do if the Irish members were to be retained in Parliament; namely, to devise a plan for distinguishing between Irish and Imperial affairs. That is a complete account of Mr. GLADSTONE's words; that is the entire sum and substance of the passage of which he had just given the above-quoted gloss, and if his admirers, and especially his Scotch admirers, had not already shown, in the impossibility of opening their eyes to the true character of their idol, we

should like to submit to them the two following simple questions—first, whether they do not think that honesty and veracity are at least as essential qualifications of a statesman as of a footman; and, secondly, whether there is one of them who, in detecting a servant in so audacious and unblushing a denial of the truth as that of which Mr. GLADSTONE has here been guilty, would hesitate for a moment to give him his dismissal?

Apart, however, from the bearing of this shameless piece of mendacity on the question of character, it is material as exhibiting the Home Rule policy to which Mr. GLADSTONE stands committed. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that his new version of what he said in 1886 is as correct as it is, in fact, distorted, and that his proposition, then as now, was merely one to the effect that the wit of man could not devise a plan for retaining the Irish representatives at Westminster which would not be open to objection, or that would be free from objection. It will still remain the fact, even after accepting this version, that he has never indicated or has pronounced it possible to indicate any method of distinguishing between Imperial and non-Imperial affairs, while at the same time he has offered us no new reading of his declaration that some such principle of distinction must be discovered if an Irish representation is still to form a part of the Imperial Parliament. In other words, he has not yet explained away the statement that "there cannot be a domestic Legislature in Ireland dealing with Irish affairs, and Irish peers and Irish representatives sitting in Parliament at Westminster to take part in English and Scotch affairs." By this proposition, which he declared at the time to be "universally admitted," he still apparently abides, and, however, therefore, he may now qualify or misquote his utterance of 1886, he is still planted now as then between two avowed impossibilities—the moral impossibility of allowing Irish members with a Dublin Parliament of their own to sit at Westminster and intermeddle in English and Scotch business, and the material impossibility of so discriminating English and Scotch from Imperial business as to prevent their doing so. And, inasmuch as a material impossibility will not permit itself to be expressed, while a moral impossibility will, the inference which we must apparently draw is that Mr. GLADSTONE will be compelled to recommend to the Imperial Parliament the monstrous absurdity of a scheme under which Irishmen would be permitted to assist in legislating for Englishmen and Scotchmen, while they would enjoy the privilege of legislating for themselves in complete freedom from English and Scotch interference. Either this, or Mr. GLADSTONE will be forced to substitute for it the less inequitable, but more revolutionary, proposal to set up three, if not four or five, separate Legislatures in various parts of the United Kingdom, with an Imperial Parliament dominating the whole. No wonder Mr. GLADSTONE ridicules the idea of his consenting, until the eve—or, for all we know, until after the result—of the next election, to indicate any one of the "multitude of modes" by which Irish representatives could be retained at Westminster under a Home Rule scheme. There is nothing particularly virtuous in trying to cajole a nation into taking a leap in the dark. But if it were a virtue, it would in this case be one of those which are manufactured out of a necessity.

MR. STANLEY AND HIS REARGUARD.

WE had hoped that it might be unnecessary, except in the way of peaceful and uncontentious reviewing, to take further notice of the squabbles between Mr. STANLEY and other members of his expedition. Even the publication of the avowedly, and in the circumstances naturally, polemical volume which Major WALTER BARTELOT has devoted to the vindication of his brother's memory would not necessarily have brought about the frustration of this hope, while the volume which Mr. HERBERT WARD—another person concerned—has simultaneously produced is, except for a temperate protest against Mr. STANLEY's treatment of his subordinates, almost uncontentious. Mr. JAMESON's diary, so strangely treated by Mr. STANLEY, is not yet out. Mr. ROSE TROUP's version (which, if not wholly favourable to Major BARTELOT, is very unfavourable indeed to Mr. STANLEY) and that of Mr. BONNY (which is not dissimilar) have only been given in the untrustworthy form of inter-

views. It was our purpose to have waited till all possible narratives had appeared in proper form, and then, by comparing and fusing them together, to complete the careful examination of all the documents in the case which has from time to time been laid before the readers of the *Saturday Review*, and which should have put them in a good position to judge this painful and delicate matter.

But Mr. STANLEY's letter to the *Times* of Monday, and still more the outrageous and unrepudiated insinuations of a published conversation of his, make it difficult, if not impossible, simply to pursue this course. Major WALTER BARTELOT's book made some kind of answer from Mr. STANLEY almost unavoidable. It is, as we have said, written in avowed polemic, and with some heat and passion. Mr. STANLEY and his advocates may urge from it the conclusion that incompatibility of temper between the captain and the lieutenant showed itself very early, and that the disposition in which BARTELOT took up the command of the Rearguard was ominous of difficulty. Major WALTER BARTELOT has somewhat unwisely complicated the matter by attacking the EMIN Relief Committee and the British East Africa Company; and he has disclosed a state of things among the Rearguard officers, except as far as his brother and Mr. JAMESON were concerned, of tale-bearing, of grumbling, of mutual jealousy, and so forth, which is not pretty, and could not well have come to good. But he has once and for all made clear what was from the very first pointed out here, that Mr. STANLEY's own instructions were by no means disregarded, and that the real secret of the evil lay—first, in the ill-omened agreement with TIPPOO TIB; secondly, in the imperfect confidences of Mr. STANLEY to his lieutenant; thirdly, in the false play of UGARROWA and other Arabs; and last, or rather most of all, in the weeding out of all the best men of the expedition to go with Mr. STANLEY himself, and the leaving to Major BARTELOT a motley mob of sick, disaffected, and weak riff-raff, with crushing loads to carry, and an all-important position to hold. He has, further, as he was easily able to do, made an exposure of Mr. STANLEY's subsequent words, and has printed a letter of Mr. STANLEY's to Sir WALTER BARTELOT, the bad taste and bad judgment of which are almost incredible. Mr. STANLEY might have continued his plan of silence; he might merely have said (as he does say) that there is more to come, and he will answer it all together. Unfortunately he has adopted the very worst and most indefensible of all tactics of reply, by adding vague threats of terrible disclosures if he is driven to extremities, and hints that Major BARTELOT's friends had much better be quiet. Now this, we tell him frankly, is quite intolerable. It is a shabby fashion of self-defence in all cases; in this case it is inconsistent alike with the praise and with the blame of Mr. STANLEY's own previous utterances. Moreover, if all sorts of terrible things were disclosed, they would still leave untouched the facts that Mr. STANLEY's chafferings with the slave-traders invited disaster, that his instructions were either purposely ambiguous or most unfortunately obscure, and that he left his lieutenant a practically impossible task. These "I could an I would," these "You'd better not," these innuendoes and menaces, are utterly unworthy either of a gentleman or of a sensible man. Let Mr. STANLEY (when he reaches America, since by the embargo laid on his accusers he has delayed the accusations till the eve of his start) speak out. Let him say the worst he has got to say, drop his admitted practice of secreting and garbling documents (the former a dubious, the latter an unpardonable, thing), and leave the public to judge. And, in conclusion, as a last piece of advice, let him "pontify" a little less. He has done a great work, and we have frankly acknowledged it. But these Veiled-Prophet ways of his, these affectations of mysterious and oracular superiority, have been carried too far; and if he carries them a little further Englishmen will begin to think that they cover something not less ugly—though it may be ugly in a different way—than what was covered by the veil of MOKANNA himself.

"A LARGE ORDER."

NEVER since Philanthropy became a recognized profession has it assumed a form so high as that upon which "General" BOOTH bases his appeal to the charitable in the stout and extremely complex volume entitled *In Darkest England, and the Way Out*. Mr. BOOTH requires a

million pounds sterling to "save" some three millions of destitute people. His scheme embodies numerous features common to other philanthropic schemes, in the past or still existing, with certain notions of his own that tend to give a specious comprehensiveness to the whole. It is "a large order," as Mr. BOOTH properly admits, to go a-begging for a million of money in order to test the value of a gigantic speculation. We use the word "speculation" advisedly, without in the least hinting a doubt of Mr. BOOTH's philanthropy. For let the true estimate of Mr. BOOTH's philanthropy be of unexampled force and richness, be it equivalent to the combined fervour represented by fifty Dr. BARNARDOS and fifty GEORGE MULLERS, the scheme of which he gives the somewhat slack outlines is none the less a speculation. It is quite as much a speculation as that of the British East Africa Company. And this fact renders it all the more necessary that the charitable wealthy should examine very closely and thoroughly every section of "General" BOOTH's scheme as laid down in his book. The suggested similitude to the EMIN Relief Expedition naturally occurs to the reader of the opening chapter, even if the title itself were less significant than it is. The ingenious parallelism instituted by the author between his proposed work of rescue and restoration and Mr. STANLEY's victorious advance through the Equatorial forests is carried quite far enough for picturesque effect. It would not do to pursue it much further. According to Lieutenant TROUP, as reported by the industrious interviewer, Mr. STANLEY has "no more philanthropy than my boot." Now Mr. BOOTH, as everybody knows, possesses all Mr. STANLEY's qualities of leadership and organization, with the philanthropy added thereto. It would never do for Mr. BOOTH to regard other workers in the field as a sort of Rearguard, hopelessly "stogg'd" on the way, encumbered by jealousies and sectarian differences of opinion. Great is the pity, therefore, that he should head his remarks on existing charitable institutions, "very excellent in their way," with the opprobrious term "charities' charity," and complain of their want of concerted action. This is not acting in charity towards that philanthropic vanguard which may some day, if Mr. BOOTH's many-branched scheme becomes even in part an accomplished fact, turn into a pitiful, disconcerted Rearguard. "They may ladle 'out individuals here and there,'" admits Mr. BOOTH, but they cannot drain the bog. The Salvation ladle, perhaps, may take up whole boatloads at every venture. Let us concede this unspeakable capacity; yet is there no danger in this indiscriminate hauling from the waters of want, crime, destitution, and misfortune, merited or undeserved? Can it be said that fully one half of the leading features of Mr. BOOTH's scheme will not work confusion among many excellent schemes now in working order, if it does not actually mar some altogether? If Mr. BOOTH could buy up, to use a figure that serves in this instance, those philanthropic schemes or institutions that undoubtedly do little good, or considerable mischief, and could show value for his million, that were, indeed, a happy and desirable result. But is there any reasonable expectation that he can do as much? We trow not. Unless he is prepared to work harmoniously with the really sound and fruitful schemes now in operation, it is hard to see how he can avoid doing as much injury to them as good by his own efforts. The harm, at least, is certain; the good is problematical.

Mr. BOOTH may, of course, plead that his scheme is so large, and the need is so great. There is no denying either plea. But reasonable men do not ask, of a speculation, is it big; but, rather, will it work? This "Darkest England" scheme is a great deal too big to be practicable, too complex to be worked under one head and centre, too cumbrous to be disciplined with the discipline of the Salvation Army. It is big enough to attract the irrational love of big things which is a characteristic of the popular imagination. Mr. BOOTH applies the ridiculous phrase "Greater England" to the colonies, whereas "bigger England" is what he means. It is proposed by his scheme to transform a multitude—"the submerged Tenth" they are called—of persons who suffer from a chronic state of destitution into self-helping and self-sustaining communities. The absolutely destitute, the man out of work, is to be fed and clothed, set upon his legs once more, and work found for him. He will pass a kind of probationary season with the first community or "City Colony," and then, at discretion, be passed on to the "Farm Colony," a vast establishment in one of the Home counties, where he may acquire "a know-

"ledge of agriculture" or some other industry that may fit him for emigration to "the Over-sea Colony." Now it is obvious that, if Mr. BOOTH's figures are correct, the "City Colony" would soon be "full up," especially with the attractive offer of "Food and Shelter for Everybody"—not to speak of employment—advertised far and wide between "Plymouth and Peterhead." Among the population of the "City Colony" there will necessarily be the "won't work at any price" class, or "moral lunatics," as Mr. BOOTH quaintly calls them. What is to become of those who do not pass the ordeal of the "City Colony"? Are they to be turned adrift, and then, still impenitent, to be arrested as "moral lunatics," to be confined in the asylums Mr. BOOTH proposes for the safe custody of the drones? Those who know anything of the art and practice of agriculture need no indication of the hopeless impracticability of the "Farm Colony" scheme. And the closer the examination of this "Darkest England" project, the more do such awkward questions arise.

MR. FROUDE'S "LORD BEACONSFIELD."

THE volume on Lord BEACONSFIELD, with which Mr. FROUDE opens a new "Series" of *The Queen's Prime Ministers* (SAMPSON LOW & Co.), lends itself, not merely by its subject but also by its handling, better to treatment in this part of our columns than to regular reviewing. Although Mr. FROUDE has had access to private papers, and has given some fresh and curious information (as, for instance, in regard to Mrs. BRYDGES WILLYAMS, the eccentric old lady who conceived a platonic affection for Mr. DISRAELI and made him her heir), the book contains neither a methodical survey nor a regular criticism of the whole subject. Mr. FROUDE, indeed, mentions most of Mr. DISRAELI's literary work, and criticizes it on the whole fairly well, though he has a remarkable over-estimate, comparatively speaking, of *Lothair*. But his political *compendium* is full of curious gaps, and sometimes seems (if we may say so without giving offence where none is meant) intended to set forth rather the political ideas of Mr. FROUDE than the political history of Lord BEACONSFIELD. There are large discussions of the future, but somewhat insufficient surveys of the past; and, where there are surveys of the past, the author's eyes appear to be too often fixed on JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, and too seldom on BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Because Mr. FROUDE had difficulties forty years ago with the Tractarian Movement, and to this day regards it as some (not all) disenchanted lovers regard their lost mistresses, we have references to it which are quite disproportioned, if not quite irrelevant, to the biography of a man whose chief practical connexion with the subject was the unhappy Public Worship Regulation Act. Because Mr. FROUDE takes particular interest in Ireland and the Colonies, he comes, or very nearly comes, to the conclusion that Lord BEACONSFIELD's fall and the subsequent misfortunes of England are due to his having failed to use the whole power of his 1874 majority to arrange these matters to Mr. FROUDE's liking. In short, the book, though admirably written, as anything of Mr. FROUDE's is sure to be, and very interesting and stimulating to read, is, to adopt musical language, much more a capriccio than a sonata.

On one point we may dwell at a little greater length, for it gives a rather conspicuous example of that crotchetedness and will-worship in politics which are popularly supposed to impair the political worth of the literary man. This is Mr. FROUDE's criticism of the events of 1875-78. With his "Elizabethan" ideas it might have been supposed that he would be a "Jingo" to the core. On the contrary (for no reason that we can discover, except that the Eastern question prevented his cherished but exceedingly vague desires in Ireland and the Colonies from being attended to), he is dreadfully wroth with Jingoism, and goes near to pronounce all the misfortunes of 1880 a judgment on Mr. DISRAELI for his sins in this respect. Nay, while he elsewhere speaks of, or at least alludes to, Mr. GLADSTONE's political proceedings as they deserve, he actually commends the engineer of the Bulgarian Atrocities agitation for, perhaps, the most capital example of his political malfeasance. We must say that this inconsistency weakens Mr. FROUDE's position as a political critic very considerably. We do not mean that the position of the opponent of Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy in the East is necessarily weak; but it must be consistent with his other positions, and this is

not so consistent. That the ill success of the policy, which Mr. FROUDE apparently regards as an argument against it, was due to that action of Mr. GLADSTONE and others which he approves never seems to have struck him at all. This is a serious flaw in the book, and there are others like it. For instance, though Mr. FROUDE is angry with Mr. DISRAELI for the most disputable act of his life—that of "Shooting Niagara"—it seems to be less on the merits than because Mr. GLADSTONE, not having Reform to work with, had to take to Irish affairs. In fact, though the book gives us a great deal of new light on Mr. FROUDE's dislike of the Roman Church and the anti-Protestant party in England, on the apostolic lives of the clergy of the as yet not disestablished Church of Ireland, on the author's views as to the decadence of English character, on his admiration for Mr. CARLYLE (which he has surely sometimes shown in odd ways), and so forth, and though it is from first page to last a most interesting book, we do not know that it is a very important contribution either to general political history or to particular political biography. It is neither particularly novel nor particularly "fructuous" to sum up by saying that Lord BEACONSFIELD was "a Hebrew to the end," was "English only by adoption," and "never completely identified himself with the country that he ruled." Anybody can see and anybody can say that. The really important thing is that, whether from pure patriotism, or, as some would have it, from the same kind of *égoïsme à deux* which is at the root of some other loves, he loved this adopted country and worked for its greatness in a fashion which no statesman since Mr. PITT has even approached. That is the glory which will be more and more his as time goes on and prejudices fall away, and in the light of which his faults and shortcomings and un-Englishnesses, though neither few nor small, will become of very little account.

A SCHEME OF "MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM."

THE Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council had to listen, on Tuesday, to some vigorous expostulation from one of the most competent members of that body, Mr. BRUDENELL CARTER; and though Mr. CARTER spoke very plainly, perhaps roughly, he did not exceed the demands of the occasion. For the Committee has some very offensive little ways; it too often works by methods of ignobly clever trickiness (see the ever-memorable Bow Bridge Bill for boundless examples); and in reporting what had been done about the Removal of Gates Bill the Committee again offended in a petty but significant way. Referring to a correctional motion made by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL in the House of Commons, and adopted to the displeasure of the Committee, their reporter interpolated the observation that Sir EDWARD CLARKE was "a resident in Russell Square." The innuendo is obvious. As a resident in Russell Square, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL may have been thinking of his own personal benefit and convenience when he suggested an amendment to Clause 4 of the Removal of Gates Bill. If this insinuation was denied by the Committee, the newspaper reports do not mention the denial; and the words by which it was conveyed, and which are meaningless for any other purpose than its conveyance, were allowed by the Council to stand.

The Council having been wrought to some warmth over the exposure and accomplishment of this shabby little piece of business, presently proceeded to another which was rightly described as the most important that has ever been submitted to its judgment or its votes. Lord COMPTON moved the adoption of a report from the Housing of the Working Classes Committee; a report which, as he said, embodied "the first big scheme that has been brought forward by the Committee," though it is not in the least degree likely to be the last if it be sanctioned and set in operation. A certain area in Bethnal Green, comprising twenty streets, 730 houses, and a population of more than 5,500 persons (men, women, and children), has been marked off by the Committee for its operations. The district is in a most unsanitary condition. The houses are, for the most part, small, old, dilapidated, and too closely built for ventilation; the result of these and other conditions being that the death-rate in "the Boundary Street area" is nearly twice as great as in the rest of Bethnal Green. There is no reason to doubt this account of the wretched fifteen acres, and no propriety, therefore, in questioning the need of interference on behalf of their population and its neighbourhood.

The scheme of interference proposed by Lord COMPTON'S Committee is this, so far as it can be understood as taking a definite shape. The London County Council is to get possession of this area, to sweep away its foul abodes, and either build or see to the building of more wholesome houses for the poor. This is to be done at the cost of the ratepayers, of course; and the estimate is (we know what estimates usually are in relation to actual expense) that 300,000*l.* will be wanted for the purpose.

The Committee is not only uncertain, apparently, as to how the scheme is to be carried out, but is under some difficulty as to the classing and the naming of it. To call it a street-improvement scheme seems to be the prevalent idea; but those who are most in sympathy with the objects of the Committee (direct and indirect), and who probably understand them best, describe it as the bold and determinate adoption of "Municipal Socialism." That is certainly what it looks like; and we possibly discover one of the reasons for the presentation of the scheme when we mark Lord COMPTON'S fervent hope that "we shall be able to do something to improve the condition of the working classes in the short space of time which remains to us as a Council"; in other words, "which remains to us before we have to seek re-election." At present, however, we may put all that aside to consider whether the proposal is a workable scheme, and what its consequences must be should its adoption be decided on at Monday's meeting of the Council. We are all agreed that the object of it is a good one, so far as it relates to the wretched inhabitants of the "Boundary Street area," and inasmuch as it is dissociated from calculations prompted by the approach of a general election. Radicals may leap to support it, Conservatives may decide to leave it unopposed, on account of those calculations; as to which, all that can be said is that they are extremely bad grounds for either party to go upon. But they will be indefinitely worse if the objections to the scheme are as grave as they certainly appear. Some of these objections have been already brought before the Council, and we may hope that they will be pressed with unflinching force at Monday's meeting. This point, for one, has to be cleared up. The Council has enormous powers under Act of Parliament to compel the owners of foul dwellings to set them in order at their own expense, and even to clear them away. The "Boundary Street area" is described as exceptionally neglected and unwholesome; then why are not the owners of the houses on it brought to book with exceptional severity? Is it proposed that, because the neglect has been so great and the result is so intolerable, the public shall provide a remedy at its own cost? As Lord LINGEN puts it, the Council is asked to say, "Here is a neighbourhood so hopelessly bad that we shall not put the law in force against any of the house-owners in it; if it were a less bad neighbourhood" (i.e. less disgraceful and less profitable to the house-owners), "we might proceed to put the law in force." Is that really what the Council intend to say? If so, where is the sense of it? what the justice to the ratepayers? and what is likely to be the effect on the owners of similar property though not quite so bad at present? There is the further consideration that, if this is the beginning of a policy—as we must suppose, since there are dozens of "areas" in London like that in Bethnal Green—what is the cost likely to come to, and what are its bearings on the general question of finance? Then we are told that the "Boundary Street area" must be dealt with as a whole; though yet the work of clearance may be done by sections. This brings us again in presence of an old difficulty—the thrusting of hundreds of families into areas already overcrowded while improvement is going on, and where in most cases they remain. The Committee sees that it must have "the means of re-housing, however temporarily, some of those displaced," but in what way Municipal Socialism is to play the part of landlord to those displaced we have not yet heard. In fact, the Committee offered no detail to the Council; though whether because they hardly liked the look of it and wished to break the matter gently, or because the scheme was too recently resolved upon to allow of time to settle details, is a matter of doubt. Neither can we yet believe that the Council is to become house-builder and landlord, though that interpretation has been put upon the scheme; the assumption being that the "Boundary Street area" of twenty streets is to be the site of a collection of County Council Lodging-houses, and the first of many such. Should that be the intention, the Council is at full liberty to carry it out;

the power to build and let lodgings having been committed to the Council by Mr. RITCHIE, in the Act for which a vote of thanks was given to him at last Tuesday's meeting. Though Lord COMPTON pleaded for instant decision—on the ground that "they must have a scheme cut and dried, so that they could advertise it for three consecutive weeks in November"—it is some satisfaction that the majority of the Council hesitated to make the leap into "Municipal Socialism." Reconsideration on a future day was agreed to; and it is possible that even the most advanced of London County Councillors may seriously ask themselves, in the meantime, what the ratepayers who elect them may think of a three-hundred-thousand-guinea plunge of this character, with rates already standing at between six and seven shillings in the pound. Monday's meeting of the London County Council is likely to be a memorable one.

MR. BALFOUR'S "PROGRESS."

MR. BALFOUR has completed his official tour through the West of Ireland, and has returned to Dublin laden, no doubt, with much useful information as to the districts which he has visited. It may, however, be doubted whether his additions to his own stores of knowledge are as great—they are certainly not half so surprising—as those which he has made to the knowledge of certain other people. Among those we do not, of course, include the Irish agitator, or even the English mischief-maker of the ILLINGWORTH and SHAW LEFEVRE type. These two sets of persons knew well enough from the outset—the former at first hand, and the latter by information filtering unwillingly through them—that the legend of Mr. BALFOUR'S violent unpopularity in Ireland was of a purely mythical character. They were quite prepared, though uncomfortably and uneasily prepared, to find the CHIEF SECRETARY welcomed, not only with cordiality, but even with something like enthusiasm, by the Irish peasantry; and, though the warmth of his reception has probably exceeded even their expectations, it has, no doubt, been only an annoyance to them, and not a shock. On the other hand, we should not at all wonder if to a more highly placed and less confidentially treated mischief-maker like Mr. MORLEY it has been a matter of genuine astonishment. It is only too probable that Mr. MORLEY, fed too exclusively on diet expressly provided for him by the Parnellite leaders, had swallowed the story of the "Downtrodden People and the Detested Tyrant" whole, and that it is a matter of genuine astonishment to find his rival received with cheers instead of rotten eggs, and triumphal arches instead of indignation meetings.

As to the rank and file of the Gladstonian party—we mean the simple souls who are deceived instead of deceivers, and who have a confused notion that, whether Mr. BALFOUR'S policy is right or wrong, it is bitterly resented by the Irish peasantry—the reports of his progress can hardly fail to have at least some salutary effect upon them. It must, for one thing, have impressed them much to find that the kind of priest who has become so odiously prominent in connexion with the cruel oppression of one part of their flocks by another, and the combination of the latter to rob a third section, is not, as they had been told and had believed, a type and exemplar of the Irish parochial clergy; but that scores and hundreds of Irish parishes enjoy the services of a pastor who will do nothing to aid and abet boycotting, and has no associations with the Plan of Campaign. Men like these have been brought to the front in numbers by Mr. BALFOUR'S visit, and their sincere solicitude for the sustenance of their poorer parishioners during the coming winter has led them to give almost impassioned expression to their sense of Mr. BALFOUR'S zeal and good will. In short, it may be said that the events of the last week in Mayo and Galway have simply revealed to multitudes of Englishmen a new Ireland—an Ireland in which the hysterics of Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. DILLON might never, for all that appears, have been displayed, or no denunciations of English Ministers and English rule have been ever heard—an Ireland in which the indigent cultivator seems to be as reasonable and docile as the English agricultural labourer, as well disposed towards those who are willing to assist him, and as grateful for their friendly aid. It would be a mistake, of course, to exaggerate the importance of these displays of feeling. The people who make them are impressionable and impulsive,

and no doubt would cheer an agitator to-morrow as readily as they applaud a Minister to-day. But it is enough to know that, though they might cheer the agitator, they obviously would not believe him, and that they have the same admiration and respect, and we may add even regard, for those who rule them firmly and justly as at all periods of their history the Irish people have invariably displayed.

JUDGE AND JOURNALIST.

"SIR," said the despairing sage to his able and assiduous friend, "you have only two subjects, yourself and me. I am sick of both." BOSWELL had at least two subjects. Some people have only one. A very recent convert to the Church of Rome has already written a couple of articles on his conversion, respectively disguised under the misleading designations of "Cardinal NEWMAN" and "Canon LIDDON." The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, always ready to oblige, has been delivering what a sagacious commentator calls a "genial" address to the Lolesworth Club on Public Speaking and Public Speakers, and especially on one great public speaker. A distinguished man of science recently said of an eminent statesman, "I can stand anything about him, except his damned humility." The humility of LORD COLERIDGE is a blessed humility, suggestive of MOSES in his least exalted moments, not of LORD ERSKINE "rising in consequence of an allusion to trial by jury." In shedding its mild radiance over Mr. KITTLE and the rest of the East End, it brought into strong, though doubtless unintended, relief the virtues of its owner. LORD COLERIDGE began by saying that he should endeavour to deserve the compliments of Mr. KITTLE. Who could be humbler than that? It is true that Mr. WINDHAM made the same remark in reference to the praise of Dr. JOHNSON. But the "personal equation," if we may say so, is somewhat different in the two cases, and the superior personality is not on the side of Mr. WINDHAM. LORD COLERIDGE was not content with endeavouring to satisfy the requirements of Mr. KITTLE. He frankly acknowledged his inferiority to HANDEL in the composition of "great original works." Among the varied accomplishments of HER MAJESTY'S judges, the production of oratorios, operas, or even "over-tures," has, we believe, yet to be reckoned. LORD COLERIDGE'S immediate predecessor could sing a good song, and a learned Law Lord renders BEETHOVEN on the piano. But for the most part the Superior Court of Judicature depend for their musical honours upon Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, unless, indeed, the Salvation Army, as in duty bound, chant the praises of the CHIEF JUSTICE to the accompaniment of their tom-toms. LORD COLERIDGE protests that he is neither original nor creative, and his reasons are characteristic. He cannot compose overtures, and he cannot, like ROCHESTER or his "old friend Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE," talk about "Nothing." ROCHESTER, as is well known, celebrated that theme in verse, and Sir STAFFORD in prose. An ideal topic for LORD COLERIDGE would be "Nobody," or "The Least of God's Creatures."

LORD COLERIDGE must naturally have a good deal to say about oratory. He was himself a noted orator at the Bar, he made at least one speech of consummate excellence in the House of Commons, and he has heard some of the best speakers who ever lived. It is a first principle of public speaking to put oneself on good terms with one's audience, and LORD COLERIDGE did not neglect this art at the Lolesworth Club. He certainly began in a queer fashion enough. The "iniquities of the island of Cuba," the "proceedings of Germany and Portugal on the East Coast of Africa," are a long way from the conduct of debating societies and the art of debate. Mr. RUSKIN once laid down the principle that crystals could not be discussed without Cistercian architecture, nor Cistercian architecture without crystals. LORD COLERIDGE abruptly departed from Cuba, and plunged into the unity of mankind. "They were all," he remarked, with his promised avoidance of originality, "inhabitants of the same vast city, subjects of the same QUEEN, and creatures of the same God." It is impressive to hear a Chief Justice pleading for the masses as the undergraduate pleaded for the Dons, though LORD COLERIDGE would have been more in accordance with rhetorical rules if he had followed DOUGLASS'S famous injunction and "written God first." It would sound rather odd to say "We are all Judges of the

"High Court, we are all lawyers, we are all Englishmen, we are all made of flesh and blood." But it is much that LORD COLERIDGE should have admitted the common origin of himself with the members of the Lolesworth Club, as ERSKINE, in the immortal parody, acknowledged that he was distinctly lower than the angels, and, in regard to many of his faculties, a finite being. Having thus put his hearers at their ease, and given them a good conceit of themselves, LORD COLERIDGE, with that genuine modesty which marks all he does, assumed that no one would be acquainted with the addresses he had delivered at Birmingham and Exeter. Even if one is a Chief Justice, one cannot always be attacking the Attorney-General, and the process of sneering at all journalists except Mr. STEAD is capable of producing fatigue. Were it not better done as others use—such as LORD DERBY, whom imagination fondly pictures on the throne of Greece, "Doing his best to quench all enthusiasm and crush all self-satisfaction"?

Perhaps it did not take a Chief Justice to tell us that "fine language was worthless unless it was founded on thought, and thought had little value unless it was supported by knowledge and fact." Worthless, no doubt, in the highest sense, it is. But before MILTON and before ARISTOPHANES, possibly even before AGAMEMNON, eloquence prevailed over truth—at least, in the minds of those who did not know the truth, but heard the eloquence. LORD COLERIDGE proceeded to combat the proposition that "eloquence had left the Bar, only lingered in Parliament, and was almost leaving the pulpit." This is a hard saying, and may, in our opinion, be, without difficulty, disproved. But LORD COLERIDGE'S method of controversy is strange, if we must not say original. He names four great advocates, all of whom are dead. He expatiates upon the late Cardinal NEWMAN, and mentions that he never heard the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH or Dr. LIDDON. He cites three members of Parliament, among whom the only survivor is in his eighty-first year. There remains the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, aged sixty-nine, to back up LORD COLERIDGE in his perfectly sound doctrine. Yet nothing has been heard from Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and Archdeacon FARRAR has not written a protest to the *Times*. LORD COLERIDGE is not a dull man, and he must have had some reason for favouring the Lolesworth Club with a string of instances which, so far as they are relevant, upset his own theory. One is reminded of POPE'S famous couplet, and of the still more famous explanation. BOSWELL puzzled his head over the lines—

Let pious Foster, if he will, excel
Six Metropolitans in preaching well.

What could POPE have meant by them? "Sir," said the Doctor emphatically, "he meant to give pain to somebody." More interesting than LORD COLERIDGE'S motives, however, is his description of Sir WILLIAM ERLE as "the greatest of all the advocates who, in his time, had adorned the profession, and supreme in the art of forensic speaking." If this be a correct estimate, and it is not likely to be a prejudiced one, Chief Justice ERLE combined in himself the usually distinct qualities of a verdict-getter and a verdict-giver. In his time, and in the time of his predecessor Sir NICHOLAS TINDAL, the Court of Common Pleas was at its very best.

At the Jubilee Dinner of the Oxford Union, seventeen years ago, Dr. LIDDON proposed in a vivacious and elaborate speech the toast of Literature, coupled with the name of MATTHEW ARNOLD. In teaching them all the art of criticism, said Dr. LIDDON, urbanely, the late Professor of Poetry had taught them even to criticize himself. Mr. ARNOLD did not like it. LORD COLERIDGE does not like the Press, to which no one, not even a humble Chief Justice, is sacred. In one of his recent harangues he said, in effect, that he never met a journalist without wondering why he ever read a leading article. There are people who do not feel themselves profoundly impressed with the conversational brilliancy and general knowledge of all HER MAJESTY'S Judges. But so long as a judge understands the law which he administers—that LORD COLERIDGE will admit to be an indispensable qualification—his other gifts, or the want of them, are his own affair. It is conceivable that LORD COLERIDGE'S journalistic acquaintance may have failed to find an opportunity for getting what is vulgarly called a word in edgewise. His latest complaint is, that leading articles, unlike eloquence, may be "ordered." The antithesis is a curiously bad one for a professor of style. A leading article may be eloquent, and a speech which is meant to be eloquent may be very much the reverse. Moreover, there

is a profession with which Lord COLERIDGE was once not obscurely connected, where eloquence is frequently "ordered," though it is not so frequently obtained. Lord COLERIDGE cannot really believe, whatever he may amuse himself by saying, that his own position twenty years ago, or Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's position now, is solely due to their knowledge of law, and has no connexion with their powers of speech. The immediate abolition of journalism by law would be attended with certain inconveniences, and would, perhaps, not produce all those consequences which Lord COLERIDGE seems to expect from it. We need not enlarge upon the losses which might ensue. One is enough. Lord COLERIDGE's words could not be reported, nor do we quite see where he would get the material for his recondite allusions to Cuba and East Africa.

MR. GLADSTONE'S IDEALS.

IF it be agreeable—as it is and must be—to the natural man to accumulate sound reasons for despising the judgment of an adverse critic, there should be many members of the "classes" in these islands to whom Mr. GLADSTONE's article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* must have supplied very pleasant reading. The Tory, the Churchman, the landlord, English and Irish, nay even the average Englishman who still prefers his own country to others, will have found in it abundance of reassuring matter. If any of Mr. GLADSTONE's countrymen belonging to these orders have ever felt uneasy under his denunciations and reproaches—if they have ever been disposed to ask themselves whether his professedly unfavourable view of them may not have some justification in fact—if, in short, they have at any time been haunted by the anxious self-inquiry whether it is really to the prejudice of the critic, and not the faults of the criticized, that the unflattering criticism is due—they may read Mr. GLADSTONE on the "Gospel of Wealth," and take heart. When any man has a poor opinion of us, and we wonder whether we deserve it, it is of great importance to ascertain who and what are they whom he admires. If they are men whom we ourselves admire, we feel it at least possible that our depreciator's contempt may be as sound an instinct as his admiration; while, if the contrary is the case, we are proportionately relieved to find that we have escaped association with the sort of company into which his praises would have brought us. In the instance before us this sensation of relief could hardly be more complete. For many years past Mr. GLADSTONE has hardly had a good word for his own country and countrymen, their character, manners, institutions, and opinions, or a bad word for our "kinsmen beyond sea," and particularly for our cousins in America. This, of course, has been unpleasant to us, and, as America has in its time undoubtedly produced some great and many worthy men, we may some of us have asked ourselves, not without searchings of heart, whether it is these types of American character which Mr. GLADSTONE has had in his eye, and whether "the best kind of 'Englishman'" is really so far inferior to these types as our eminent critic appears to believe. What a sudden dispersion, then, of our anxieties, what an instantaneous and mirthful revulsion of feeling, is it to discover, as we do, from this article, that Mr. GLADSTONE's ideal American citizen, the man he has all along had in his eye as the model for his unworthy countrymen, is—Citizen CARNEGIE!

We confess to taking more interest in this encouraging proof of the utter degradation of our censor's ideals than in the subject which he treats of in his article. His way of talking about—and we may say to—this "remarkable 'person,'" as he calls him, is in the highest degree instructive. His "courage and frankness—both of them superlative"; those "attendant virtues which walk in the 'train of a munificence not less modest and simple than 'it is habitual and splendid'"; his doctrine and practice as regards the use of wealth, which it is "my humble 'office' to 'make definitely known in some quarters 'into which they may not yet have penetrated'; his 'noble' plan of almsgiving, which 'I feel indisposed to 'turn away from regarding' without 'offering, from an 'immeasurable distance, a humble suggestion'—such are some of the rankly-scented flowers of adulation with which Mr. GLADSTONE's paper is full. Let us do him justice. He was not wont to grovel in this seemingly abject manner before mere wealth, and he is not altogether doing so now. We

grant that, if Mr. CARNEGIE had inherited the money instead of making it, Mr. GLADSTONE would not admire him nearly so much. But what he does idolize in Mr. CARNEGIE is the next most vulgar thing to the heaping up of money-bags, and that is the achievement of material success by the ordinary money-getting qualities, and the employment of wealth when obtained for purposes of self-advertisement, for the gratification of a feeling of self-righteousness, and for the propagation of political doctrines largely rooted in the passion of envy. In each and every one of these practices, Mr. CARNEGIE has an active competitor in Mr. GLADSTONE, and it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that he should have in him a warm admirer also.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

SOMETHING like an epidemic of volcanic activity is in progress just at present. We recently heard of the sudden eruption of Mombacho, a volcano supposed to be extinct; then came the news that Kilaua is showing signs of exceptional activity, and now *Etna* has given warnings of an eruption. These three occurrences in different parts of the world can hardly be more than a coincidence, but they draw attention to the subject, which is very little understood. Mombacho is a mountain about the same height as Vesuvius, situated near the town of Granada, in Nicaragua, one of the Central American Republics. It lies on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, between that and the Pacific Ocean. The region abounds in active volcanoes, but Mombacho has never been counted among them. There is of course nothing new in the eruption of an apparently extinct volcano, but the phenomenon is sufficiently rare to be interesting. Kilaua, on the other hand, is always more or less active. It is not a mountain, but an immense crater in the side of Mauna Loa, one of the great volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. As one of the wonders of the world it has been described by many travellers. The main crater is nine miles in circumference, but only a small portion is usually in full activity. Adventurous sight-seers descend into the hollow amid jets of sulphurous steam, walking on a thin crust of lava, often hot enough to burn the soles of their boots, until they come within sight of the boiling cauldron at the bottom. The heaving surface covered with a sulphurous scum, and the huge waves of glowing molten lava which are now and again cast into the air or up against the rocks, to fall heavily back into the solid sea, form one of the strangest and grandest sights in nature. About sixty years ago the crater was in full activity, and continued so for a long time until in the year 1840 the weight of the lava broke a subterranean passage, 27 miles long, through the side of the mountain, and it flowed into the sea. The lava stream was altogether 40 miles in length and half a mile wide. It took two days to reach the sea, and continued flowing for three weeks. This was only excelled by the great eruption of Skaptar, in Iceland, in 1783. The lava stream on that occasion was 50 miles long, 12 to 15 miles wide, and from 100 to 600 feet deep. It flowed in full force for 2½ months and with gradually slackening velocity for six months longer. The volume of lava thrown out has been reckoned equal to the entire mass of Mont Blanc.

Much attention has been paid by men of science to the laws regulating volcanic eruptions, but the only conclusions they seem to have been able to formulate amount to this:—that prolonged inactivity goes with severe eruptions, frequent or incessant activity with slight ones. This is not saying very much, but it is interesting when taken with the most generally accepted theory of the cause of eruptions. They are believed to be due to steam generated from water admitted through cracks in the earth's crust. The required heat is ascribed to friction caused by the crushing and grinding which accompany the shrinking of the earth's crust upon its centre; while the cracks, through which water is admitted, are supposed to be at the bottom of the sea, and are explained by subsidence of the ocean floor under the immense weight of superincumbent water, amounting sometimes to several tons on the square inch. All these are of course pure conjectures; but there are several facts which lend them probability. Almost all volcanoes are near the sea; most are islands, and the rest on the coast. The only real exceptions are the two Thian Shan volcanoes in Central Asia, some 1,500 miles from the sea; but they are near large lakes which may supply its place. Of the rest, the most distant from the sea are Fragua (156 miles) and Sangay (112 miles). The latter is a mountain 17,000 feet high, one of the Quito group, and curiously enough the most active of known volcanoes. It has been continuously in eruption since 1728, and more than 230 explosions have been counted in an hour, forming an almost continuous roar. If we consider the volume of matter poured forth by such a mountain, there is no difficulty in imagining a cavity beneath it vast enough to communicate with a crack in the bed of the sea 100 miles or so away. Another fact corroborating the theory is that, according to the *Challenger* and other deep-sea soundings, the deepest holes in the floor of the ocean occur in volcanic areas.

Water may, however, be admitted into the interior of the earth without supposing a crack at the bottom of the sea. The pheno-

phenomenon is to be witnessed in Europe, and it is somewhat strange that the students of seismology, as this science is called, do not appear to have had their attention directed to the fact. In the island of Cephallonia, one of the Ionian group, two streams run directly from the sea into the land, and disappear in the bowels of the earth. The place where this occurs is about a mile from Argostoli, a small town and port. The two streams are at no great distance from one another, but quite independent. One has been opened up for some hundreds of yards. It flows straight in from the sea for a few yards, then turns at right angles, and runs for some distance parallel with the shore and close to it. Then it turns again towards the sea, and, running of course deeper and deeper, doubles completely under itself, thus forming a loop, and finally passes out of sight deep down in a landward direction. In this course it turns two mills, which will give some idea of the strength of the current; one was erected in 1835 by an Englishman, the second in 1859. There is no tide in the sea here, and the flow of the salt-water brook is perfectly steady and continuous. The other stream has only been opened up a short distance, but is of about the same size, and disappears in the ground in a similar way. Argostoli is out of the regular travelling routes, and only visited by local traders and yachts, which will account for this curious phenomenon having attracted so little attention. Various absurd explanations of what becomes of the water have been offered. It has been supposed to evaporate somewhere; but as it starts at sea-level and flows at a good pace deeper and deeper down, while the land rises higher and higher above it (for the island is mountainous), it can obviously never reach daylight again. Then it has been compared with the rivers which in other parts of Greece run underground here and there. But these rivers are all above sea-level, and ultimately find their way into the sea, which is impossible for the Argostoli streams, as they would immediately cease flowing upon communication being established at the other end. It is obvious that they flow into some subterranean reservoir, and the ultimate destiny of the water is quite satisfactorily explained by the theory of volcanic eruptions. We may imagine that the reservoir is emptied by periodical cataclysms, and indeed the inhabitants say that an earthquake occurs there regularly every 100 years; or that it feeds some distant volcano, such as Vesuvius or Stromboli. It is also extremely probable that similar phenomena occur elsewhere in volcanic districts, but have not been observed, as this would not have been had it not happened to be near a town. If this be so, it furnishes an explanation of the very varying behaviour of volcanoes, some of which are literally as regular as clockwork in their action, while others are in the highest degree irregular. Those belonging to the former class are probably fed by some steady-going regular influx like that of Argostoli, whereas the sudden, unexpected, and terrific outbursts of the second class are due to the occurrence of some fresh crack in the ocean floor or to the sudden enlargement of one already existing.

AT THE LYCEUM.

AS was to be expected, a second visit to the Lyceum strengthens our original impression of the charm and beauty of Miss Ellen Terry's acting as Lucy Ashton, and the excellence of Mr. Irving's performance as the Master of Ravenswood. The whole of the third act, where the scene of betrothal occurs, offers one of the finest and most convincing examples of concerted acting that has been witnessed at the Lyceum. The scene at Wolf's Crag, in the second act, is still not so lucid in presentment as it should be. Here, at least, Mr. Mackintosh's Caleb is a trifle too fine in his expression of humour. The part needs breadth. The birth of Ravenswood and the Ashtons is almost unintelligible. Mr. Mackintosh should, as all good comedians ever have done, take the audience into his confidence. But leaving these points of acting for the present, there are certain matters suggested by further hearing of Mr. Herman Merivale's play over which the actors possess little or no control, though they concern the studious playgoer very considerably. Something has already been said on the difficulties that beset him who would adapt the *Waverley Novels* to the stage. Not a few of these stories could very well be put on the stage by the art of the adapter of the hour, the art that is merely an ingenious form of cabinet-making or carpentry. In the *Bride of Lammermoor* the chief difficulty must be accounted, in no spirit of paradox, nothing less than an inestimable advantage. The novel, in fact, is a drama ready to the hand of the adapter. The story possesses all the dramatic elements, and is, moreover, charged with the very spirit of romance. There is the unseen, yet ever-present, hand of destiny directing the fate and fortune of the last of the Ravenswoods. There is that never-failing source of dramatic action, the course of true love, deflected for a while by selfish worldlings, yet victorious in death. And for those who need a moral and the point of it, there is the moral of the Poet Laureate's *Aylmer's Field*, and there does not exist in literature or in drama a more masterly treatment of the familiar theme than Scott's. In *Ravenswood* Mr. Merivale has, wisely in the circumstances perhaps, ignored the dramatic solution of the original. He has evaded what is admitted by everybody to be the *crux* of the adapter or dramatist of the novel.

This being so, and without withdrawing from our original

commendation of Mr. Merivale's caution in this matter, it is not a little significant to note that the catastrophe in *Ravenswood* is the weak point in the play. Moreover, Miss Ellen Terry's fine acting in the last scene, where Lucy Ashton's lover takes his share of the betrothal ribbon and ring from her and abandons her, does itself powerfully suggest to many that the actress would have triumphed in the scene as shaped by the imagination of Scott. In the brief moments that follow the flight of Ravenswood, Miss Ellen Terry more than indicates in the thrilling accents of horror and remorse that betray her sudden awakening to the terrors of the situation how completely she could have been victorious in a more exacting scene. The Sir William Ashton of Mr. Alfred Bishop is entirely outside Scott, though the performance is more tolerable in the first three acts than after. But the part is, in some ways, also outside Scott. In the first scenes he is an indulgent father; in the last he takes a decided, if not a very active, part with Lady Ashton against Lucy. His position in the last act is inexplicable. He shows no love for his daughter, whom he loved so well. He does not desire a union he should, and did, desire both for her sake and sound policy. He, who never had any respect for Bucklaw, stands by and sees his daughter sign away happiness and life without a protest. Then, again, Hayston of Bucklaw was a gentleman, not a mere hectoring braggart, as Mr. Terriss appears to imagine in the first three acts, nor a heartless brute, as he shows in the last. Having declared he would not sign the contract if the lady were unwilling, he persists in the fulfilling of the contract in the face of the most obvious and pathetic self-betrayal of the young lady's feelings. It is true that Mr. Terriss turns his back upon Miss Ellen Terry, and Bucklaw behaves not as a lover should, yet his lack of observation does not affect the question. And this, and other points of the kind, are not so much as superficially suggested to the reader of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. Lady Ashton, again, played by Miss Le Thiere as if she were a scold and a shrew, is a dreadfully trying person to the romantic playgoer. But, when all is said that should be on what is unsatisfactory in the catastrophe of Mr. Merivale's play, the two leading parts, the Master and Lucy Ashton, are transferred to the stage with admirable fidelity and force of presentment. Mr. Henry Irving is never anything but persuasive and successful in the romantic drama. His Ravenswood is a marvellous realization of Scott's picturesque, romantic, and unhappy hero. He looks and plays the part with the spirit and sympathy that cannot but delight all who have any joy in romance.

The very effective climax of the tragedy as now played at the Lyceum has most inexplicably been contrasted with the *finale* adopted by Fechter to the supposed disadvantage of the present play. From what has been written in certain quarters upon this interesting subject, we can only imagine that an imperfect recollection of the scene as played by Fechter, combined perhaps with the glamour that ever clings to the performances of great actors in the past, are chiefly responsible for the curious impression that Fechter's last scene was more striking and dramatic than that in *Ravenswood*. In Fechter's version there was a species of apotheosis of Lucy and Edgar, not a little odd, and decidedly meretricious. The clouds appeared to open, revealing the slowly ascending figures of the two lovers. After the first night, however, they were revealed on a rock, surrounded by a rising sea which was supposed to overwhelm them. A pretty picture this; but in what respect it can be said to be dramatic, it is impossible to say. Between Fechter's *finale* and Mr. Irving's there is only the negative and positive sides of comparison—the good and the bad. After the duel with Bucklaw, Mr. Irving's rapid exit, followed by Mr. Mackintosh's thrilling recital of the fatal ride and its tragic ending, make up a scene that is not less intensely dramatic than finely imagined.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Stock Exchange Settlement which ended on Wednesday evening was a very anxious and difficult one, though less so than had been apprehended. Indeed, at one time it was looked forward to with actual dread. It will be in the recollection of our readers that between the last Settlement in September and the first in October, there was so great a fall in many classes of securities, especially in American railroad and Argentine securities, that the mid-October Settlement was one of the worst for many years. No fewer than eight members of the Stock Exchange were declared defaulters, and many others avoided failure only because they received assistance from their friends or from powerful financial houses. Outside the Stock Exchange, too, some considerable firms had to be assisted. But, as one very great operator who had speculated on an immense scale had not arranged his accounts, no real relief was felt when the mid-October Settlement ended. The fall in American railroad securities continued for a week or ten days afterwards, and rumours flew about that this house and that were in difficulties, that certain members of the Stock Exchange could not possibly get over the next Settlement, and that even financial houses of high standing were in need of help. The rumours were on the face of them absurd for the most part, and very often they were set going by professional wreckers, but they added to the general uneasiness. At length, however, the accounts of the great operator just

referred to were arranged, and then a more easy feeling followed. Still there was no recovery in prices, and up to the very last moment considerable apprehension prevailed with respect to the Settlement just got through. It began on Monday morning most favourably. So far had the liquidation of bad business been carried that the demand for loans from bankers and discount-houses was comparatively very small, and bankers were able to obtain no more than 5 per cent.—that is, Bank of England rate. Within the Stock Exchange itself, too, rates of continuation were very easy, much easier than they have been for a considerable time. Even on American railroad securities, which have fallen most heavily, and therefore are looked upon with most suspicion, the carrying-over rates were only from 6 to 7 per cent., speaking generally. In the market for international securities rates in the morning ranged from about 4 per cent. to 7 per cent. But later in the day rates declined very rapidly, especially on Russian, Spanish, and some other foreign Government securities. On Cédulas and the like discredited securities rates were only about 9 per cent. In the home railway market rates were invariably easy. When all this became clear a better feeling sprang up, yet business did not increase, nor did prices advance. On Tuesday, the second day of the Settlement, there was general expectancy, every one seemed afraid to commit himself, and there was scarcely any movement one way or other. Throughout the greater part of Wednesday there was again little movement; but in the afternoon disquieting rumours once more began to circulate. They grew thicker and more alarming as the day advanced, and although no failures were announced, markets closed extremely depressed, in a state indeed bordering upon panic. The cheques of four members were returned through the Clearing House late in the evening, and next day one of these was declared a defaulter. On Thursday there was another fall, and continued uneasiness.

It seems evident from all this that the liquidation is carried very far, though not yet completed. In the case of the international market there is still in many directions a large speculation for the rise; but it is carried on for the most part by foreigners, and it rests for its support on the Paris Bourse. Against that, however, is to be set the fact that there is a considerable speculation for the fall on the part of English operators. In the home railway market it is clear that speculators have been closing their accounts in all directions, and that stocks, therefore, have largely passed into the hands either of investors or of great capitalists. Still the sales continue, and the market is weak. In the American market sales have been on a still larger scale. Immense masses of stocks have been disposed of in New York, and very large quantities too have been taken over from operators whom it was not thought safe to press too hard by bankers, financial houses, and powerful members of the Stock Exchange. Yet prices go on falling. Although, then, the position is greatly improved, yet it is to be feared that we have before us still a considerable period of depression, and even anxiety. The investing public in this country, in Germany, and in the United States is holding aloof from the markets. Here at home it is known that there is a great lock-up of capital in Argentine and Uruguayan securities, in Trust Companies, in American and other Brewery Companies, and the like; and investors therefore are allowing their money to remain on deposit with their bankers rather than invest it just now, as they think it not improbable that while rates of interest and discount are so high, and the lock-up of capital is so great, there may be a further decline in prices. In Germany speculation has been carried altogether too far, and the public as well as speculators proper are overloaded just now. In the United States there has been a considerable speculation in Trusts, in industrial Companies, in land, and in houses, and there has been a good deal of over-construction of railways. There has been a great lock-up of capital in consequence, and there is general distrust on the part of the public. Such being the state of affairs in three out of what may be called the four great capitalist nations of the world, it is difficult to see how there can just yet be much recovery in prices. If there should be a recovery, it is hardly likely to last long, and not improbably it will be followed by a further fall. Whether there will be a recovery depends, of course, upon whether any of the rumours that are again being circulated turn out to be correct. It need hardly be said that some of the rumours are palpably untrue; they are set afloat by persons who wish to profit by another fall in prices. But their circulation threatens everybody, and may consequently make it difficult for some persons who are embarrassed to get the accommodation they require, and, this being so, may bring about further failures. Should that happen, there must be another decline in prices. Even if it does not and alarm continues, it is difficult to see how quotations can be kept up.

The widespread uneasiness affects the money market, and in turn is affected by that market. The joint-stock and private banks, knowing that there is a great lock-up of capital, and perceiving that the fall in prices has brought heavy losses upon operators, are acting more cautiously than they have done for years. Not only have they sold a portion of their investments in order to increase the balances they keep at the Bank of England, but they have also called in loans from the Stock Exchange. In so doing they have compelled operators to lessen their accounts, for this action has been taken not by one bank, or even by a few banks, but by the banks generally. But forced sales, of course, brought down prices, and every fall increased the embarrass-

ments of speculators. At the same time bankers, being aware of all this, have been particular in the kind of stocks they accepted as security for loans, and this again has added to the embarrassments of speculators, who found that they could not borrow upon investments which hitherto have been accepted by their brokers as cover for their operations. Thus the difficulties of the Stock Exchange and syndicates and financial houses have helped to make money both scarce and dear. At the same time bankers have been warned to be more careful by the smallness of the Bank of England's reserve. So many new issues of all kinds have been brought out in this country for some years past that we are now indebted to the rest of the world, which, in consequence, is able to take gold from us in large amounts. The Bank of England, therefore, is almost always in danger of losing gold, and finds it by no means an easy task to keep up its reserve. At the present time the Bank's reserve does not greatly exceed 11½ millions, and the outflow of gold to Scotland is only just beginning. It usually amounts to from half a million to three-quarters of a million. If, therefore, a foreign demand for the metal of any magnitude were to spring up, the Directors would be compelled instantly to take action to protect their reserve. There is thus an uncertainty whether the Bank-rate may not before very long be raised to 6 per cent., and this has influence not only upon bankers, but also upon the Stock Exchange. At the moment there is no foreign demand to create alarm, but one may arise quite unexpectedly, and at all events the state both of the Berlin and the New York money markets is such as makes it doubtful whether a demand may not arise.

The price of silver this week has again been fluctuating. On Wednesday it advanced to 49½d. per ounce, but on Thursday fell ½d. to 48½d. per ounce. The movement on Wednesday seems to have come almost entirely from India. When the price fell to 48½d. the Indian banks began to buy. It would seem also that in India and China speculation was once more encouraged, and buying from the Far East sent the price up in the course of a few days about a penny per ounce. There does not seem to have been much support in the United States. Indeed, the Wednesday price was only slightly higher than Tuesday's price. Evidently the lock-up of capital in America caused by the speculation in silver as well as in land, houses, industrial securities, and railways appears to be so great that there is little inclination now to speculate in any direction. The money market, too, is very uncertain, and the banks appear to be cautious in lending. But in the Far East money has become very easy. For some time past, for instance, the coin and bullion both in the Bank of Bombay and the Bank of Bengal have been steadily increasing. Part of this is due no doubt to the large imports of silver early this year, but largely it would seem to be the result of the disorganization of trade caused by the rise in silver. The banks being well supplied with money, and interest and discount being low, speculators are once more encouraged by the fall in silver, buying it largely. The speculation, however, is a dangerous one. As we have just been pointing out, it can hope for little support from America, and still less from this country, and, therefore, it may break down at any moment. Meantime the recovery in silver led for a while to some recovery in silver securities; but these are affected more or less by the general state of the stock markets, and that is unfavourable to much recovery in any Stock Exchange prices. The improvement, therefore, was lost on Thursday.

Dr. Plaza, the delegate of the Argentine Government, has arrived in London, and has opened negotiations with the great financial houses interested in Argentine affairs. It is said that he is prepared to take back from the great houses the Buenos Ayres Waterworks. It will be recollected that nearly two years ago a Company was brought out here for providing Buenos Ayres with drainage and waterworks. The capital was ten millions sterling. The public refused to subscribe, and the issuing houses and syndicates, the promoters, and so on, are believed to have been obliged to take up the larger part of the capital. Now it is said that the Argentine Government is willing to arrange for taking back the works. On other points little information has been as yet afforded. Dr. Plaza speaks in very hopeful terms, and the representations he has made are considered to have been very favourably received by those to whom they were addressed. But how he intends to deal with the debts of those provinces which are not able to pay the interest, and especially what he proposes with regard to Cédulas, is as yet unknown.

The new Tariff Bill laid before the French Chambers is a highly Protectionist measure. As was generally expected, the Government has decided not to renew the treaties of commerce expiring in February 1892. It proposes instead two tariffs—a general tariff imposing the maximum duties on all countries which apply Protectionist duties to French goods, and a special tariff imposing minimum duties in the case of countries which grant concessions of any kind to France. Where a surtax or an interdict is applied to French goods the Government is empowered to retaliate. The discussion of the Bill will of course take a long time, and in any case the measure will not come into effect until February of 1892. But its tendency must be to reduce still further the trade of this country with France. Probably when passed it will be even more Protectionist than in its original draft.

The Labour disputes are causing much anxiety in commercial circles, where it is feared that strikes may occur that will throw trade out of gear. Little real apprehension is felt respecting the alleged intention to lay up ships generally. Most people think

that a lock-out of the kind would be impossible, firstly, because the interests of shipowners are so diverse; secondly, because some shipowners are under strict obligations; and, thirdly, because the interests that would be affected are so vast. But that the relations between labour and capital are growing so strained that they must affect trade injuriously is generally felt, and just now trade is suffering from the disorganization caused by the McKinley Act and the Silver Act, both American measures; the one checks imports into the United States, and the other disturbs both the import and the export trade of the silver-using countries. The crises in South America and South Africa are also having a depressing effect. For three weeks' running now the Railway Traffic Returns show that there is but a small increase in the goods traffic; indeed, on several lines there is a falling off, but the passenger receipts continue to be very good.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH PASTELLISTS.

YET another art society, founded on the old academic pattern, with a President, elected members, a Council, and outside contributors. The Society of British Pastellists, with Sir Coutts Lindsay as its head, has opened its first exhibition to the public in the Grosvenor Gallery. The Pastellists are forty-three in number, which is just twenty-three too many, and we are sorry to see that they have laid for themselves all the little traps which have wrecked or spoiled artistic societies in the past. The artists whose names are given in the list of the Council are sixteen in number, and these would have been quite enough to start the Society with. It is always a misfortune, too, to begin with absentees among the members. No less than ten of the British Pastellists have not taken the trouble to contribute to the first exhibition of their Society, and among these names are those of the artists best known to the public—Mr. Watts, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Theodore Russell, and Miss Clara Montalba. The show is largely supported by the Glasgow school, to whose work in oils we were introduced at the Grosvenor last year; and to a less extent by the Cornish schools. The Impressionists and the Incoherents are neither wholly absent nor too prominent; they add a discreet note of gaiety to the affair.

On the first rapid survey, the most remarkable works seem to be those contributed by Messrs. Tuke, Blanche, Arthur Melville, J. J. Shannon, Swan, Fernand Khnopff, E. J. Gregory, McLure Hamilton, and Mrs. Jopling. Mr. Henry Tuke has been given the place of honour, and deserves it, for his "Leander" (132), which has nothing Greek about it, but represents a Cornish youth in the act of preparing to plunge from very Cornish rocks into a pearly sea. From his earliest successes, Mr. Tuke has been remarkable for the admirable quality of his flesh seen in full daylight. This careful and learned study will increase his reputation among artists. It is a pity that the modelling of the legs below the knee is not carried further; but the relief of the head and torso against the sky is excellent. M. Fernand Khnopff, who is a Belgian pastelist, exhibits a huge composition, called "Lawn Tennis" (89), consisting of seven full-length figures of young ladies, apparently waiting for an eighth to come and make up two sets. These figures, very cleverly foreshortened, and drawn with elaborate care, are placed in an empty green landscape. This is very capable, but not very interesting work, pale and uniform in tone. Much more remarkable as a work of art is the same artist's "Le Silence" (180), a youthful maiden of grave demeanour in a long light blue blouse, with brown gauntlets, placing a finger on her lips. This is very striking.

The Parisian artist, M. J. E. Blanche, is a copious exhibitor at the Grosvenor. His "Study for Stained Glass" (18) is an object-lesson for our English pastellists, who too often seem to think that to dash the crayons about and make a dazzling discord is all that need be done. M. Blanche's study is very simple and powerful. It represents a grave, pallid child in a dark-blue dress, with an orange kerchief round her neck, standing rather stiffly against an oak door. It would be difficult to give an effect more directly or with less sense of effort. M. Blanche's other contributions are portraits, usually heads, executed with the same quiet directness. Mr. Arthur Melville is an artist of a very different kind. His work always displays observation, originality, some sense of colour; but it is violent and crude, as though of malice prepense. His "After the Play" (21)—a man putting on a lady's cloak, with the staircase full of figures seen in full light at the side—is clever and forcible, but garish to the last degree. His little landscapes on the coast of Suffolk are more pleasing. Mr. McLure Hamilton's pastels would hardly on this occasion rise above mediocrity if it were not for the two studies, hung in one frame, of "Mr. Gladstone" (271), taken at Hawarden on the 3rd of September, 1890. These are masterly sketches, and are so curious and interesting, with the intimate impression they give of an old man of genius absorbed among his books and papers, that they may be considered a real addition to portraiture. No recent portraits of Mr. Gladstone have been so good, if we may be allowed to say so with all proper reserve as to "artistic merit."

Some small works at the Grosvenor Gallery have a greater interest than their larger and more ambitious neighbours. Mr. Swan's extraordinary power in the characterization of animals comes out in his studies of jaguars and tigers (215-218); the

head of the beast in profile is particularly good. Mr. Stott (of Oldham) is more happy this year than he has been for some time past; the chalks seem to suit him better than oils. His little landscape called "Sandpools" (83) deserves no other epithet than exquisite for its extreme freshness and simplicity—a strip of blue sky, and a bluer tidal pool in a yielding expanse of soft, dun sand. We have never been able to see what some people detect in Mr. Stott's Alpine sketches; but his "Sapphire Glacier" (39) is a good example of this class of his work. His "Portrait of a Child" (101) is ingenious. Mr. Albert Moore does the Society of Pastellists the honour of being an original member, and he exhibits a graceful figure-subject called "A Bathing Place" (68). "A Girl's Head" (72), by the same artist, has a point of intense colour in a beautifully-painted yellow pansy. Mr. Albert Moore also contributes a very slight landscape, called "Near Home" (94). A small study (210), apparently from the model who sat for his "Leander," is an excellent example of Mr. Tuke's work direct from nature. No one should miss a brilliant little specimen of the pastel-work of M. Peter Severin Krøyer, one of the most talented Scandinavian artists of the day, distinguished for the rapidity with which he improvises with the crayon. His "Danish Artists in Civita d'Antino" (80), all sitting in white loose costumes round a merry dinner-table, is a characteristic example of his luminous and vivid treatment of chalks.

We can but mention, as interesting or admirable in their degree, Mr. James Guthrie's "Primevère" (95), a Spanish lady in a bright yellow dress; Mr. Elwell's "Portrait of the Macebearer to the Mayor of Beverley" (235); the landscapes of Mr. James Macbeth; and Mr. P. W. Steer's impressionist studies. The Gallery is adorned by some charming domestic bronzes by eminent sculptors, almost all old favourites, and including among them well-known figures by Messrs. Thornycroft, Ford, Frémiet, Falguière, Barye, and Sir Frederick Leighton.

RACING.

ONE of the most interesting races of the year has been that for the third of Mr. Rose's Plates of 1,000*l.*, which was run for on the Friday of the Houghton Meeting. After his victories at Ascot, Manchester, and the Newmarket Second October Meetings, General Byrne's Amphion was considered the best horse, of any age, of the season; yet Prince Soltykoff's Sheen had shown himself to be such a grand stayer by winning the Cesarewitch under his heavy weight, that many people believed him able to give Amphion 2 lbs. over the two-mile course on which Mr. Rose's race was to be run; for Amphion was supposed to be best over a mile, and he had never won a race over a longer course than a mile and a half. It was thought such a fine point between the pair that they were made equal favourites. Prince Soltykoff started Lusignan to make the running, as a strong pace would be in Sheen's favour, and very prejudicial to Amphion. The moment the flag fell Lusignan rushed forward and led the field very fast, about half a dozen lengths in front of Sheen. He had only run about half the course when he was tired out, and from that point Webb had to make his own running with Sheen. Before reaching the Bushes Tom Cannon brought Amphion towards the front, and he urged him to make an effort in coming down the hill; but the prolonged pressure had been too much for him, and he ran very wearily into the Abingdon Bottom. Sheen won with great ease by three lengths; Amphion was second, and Oddfellow was third, only a length behind him. The question as to whether Sheen or Amphion is the best horse of the season can hardly be said to have been definitely decided by this race. Unquestionably Sheen is the better stayer; on the other hand, our most valuable races are run over courses of from seven furlongs to a mile and a half, or a mile and three-quarters if we include the St. Leger; so that the best horse up to a mile and a half, or a mile and three-quarters, may be considered the most valuable racehorse. We are still in the dark, however, as to the relative powers of Sheen and Amphion at middle distances. The former is probably at his best over two miles or more, and the latter over about a mile, although it is true that each has won over a mile and a half; but if both are a trifle out of their distances over a course of that length, it is impossible to say at present which it would suit least. Amphion is a grand, handsome, weight-carrying chestnut, the only fault that we have ever heard found with him being that he is a trifle upright in his pasterns, a point on which we will not venture to express an opinion. Sheen is an evenly-made bay, with plenty of muscle, and showing a great deal of quality. Very great has been the success of the three 1,000*l.* plates so generously given by Mr. Rose. Two of them have been won by Sheen, and one has been won by Queen's Birthday, and all three have produced exceedingly interesting races.

The racing at the Newmarket October Meetings appears to leave Sheen the best five-year-old, Amphion the best four-year-old, Morion the best three-year-old colt, with either Memoir or Alicante the best three-year-old filly, and Gouverneur the best two-year-old colt, with Haute Saône the best two-year-old filly. Corstorphine may be as good as she is good-looking; but her upright joints are likely to be much against her. An interesting commentary on some of the public form of the year has been

published since the Cambridgeshire in the weights for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, a capital handicap made by Mr. Topham and Mr. R. K. Mainwaring, the Assistant Handicapper. With or without reason, there were bitter complaints at the Houghton Meeting of a heavy plunger or some heavy plungers obtaining stable information, and taking the bread out of the mouths of owners by backing their horses for immense sums as soon as the betting opened. It seems to us that anybody has a right to back whatever horse he pleases for any amount of money that he is sure he can pay if he loses; but as to the iniquity of inducing either jockeys or trainers to reveal the private information of their employers, "for a consideration," there ought to be but one opinion.

On Tuesday last, at Lincoln, the Great Tom Stakes brought out eighteen horses, or only one short of the field that ran over the same course for the Lincolnshire Handicap in the Spring, and among the starters was the Rejected, the winner of that race. The winner on this occasion was Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Car-rick, who had been beaten in half-a-dozen previous attempts this season, and consequently got into the handicap within 3 lbs. of the lowest weight. He is a neat, well-shaped, compact, and rather squarely built brown colt by Springfield. One of his grandsires and both his grandams were direct representatives of Touchstone. On Wednesday the Lincoln Autumn Handicap produced a pretty race, the three leading horses being separated by necks only, with old Tommy Tittlemouse close up. The winner was Weaver the trainer's Good Lad, who had started an extreme outsider. Neither of the three favourites was placed.

Some people regret the sale of Robert the Devil's exceedingly good-looking and very speedy son, Mephisto, for exportation to Germany; but his want of gameness when collared may console us for his loss. It is probable that there are much heartier lamentations in this country over the 34,000*l.* which are said to have been lost to two Frenchmen through Alicante's victory in the Cambridgeshire. It is but fair to the owner of that filly to say that he made handsome donations to the Newmarket charities.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE annual winter exhibition of oil paintings at Mr. T. McLean's Gallery, 7 Haymarket, is not so interesting as usual. There are few novelties, English or foreign, and the prevalence of obvious "pot-boilers" is rather depressing. We know not who Mr. G. Bauernfeind is; he may be conjectured to be a Bavarian and a new man. It is certain that the honours of Mr. McLean's Gallery are his this year. His "Gate of the Temple, Jerusalem" (6) is very striking. A grim Turkish soldier, balancing his long carbine, squats on a carpet at the doors of the sacred building, and we gaze outwards, through some trees, to a neighbouring mosque. This little picture is exquisitely illuminated, and the surface-painting of the marbles and of the carpet is very fine. Mr. G. Bauernfeind's "Gate of the Great Mosque of Damascus" (28) is much larger, and not quite so refined; we see, too, in this example that the painter is not so successful with the human figure as with genre. But the architectural part of this picture and the distribution of light are excellent. "The Blonde" (3), by M. Gustave Jacquet, represents the head and bust of a high-coloured damsel in white satin, with knots of roses in her robe and hair—a highly-finished piece, which, like most of M. Jacquet's heads, looks as though it were painted on porcelain. A Diaz, "A Glade, Fontainebleau" (29), bears the date 1866. The glade opens, and reveals a blue sky with white and woolly masses of cloud. This is a fine composition, executed a little too much as if it were tapestry. The paintings of C. Seiler exhibit to excess the high finish and scrupulous smoothness of surface delighted in by a certain school of German genre-painters.

Among the English work, particular attention is called to a series of ten studies in colour for what the Catalogue calls "celebrated pictures by Ernest Crofts, A.R.A." (14-23). One of these, the "Hougoumont" of 1882, achieved a success which may warrant the use of the much-strained word "celebrated." The others are not important. All are war-pictures conceived and carried out in the Düsseldorf manner with which Mr. Crofts seems to be imbued. Even in the studies they are not large in line or rich in colour, but pinched and unconvincing. Mr. L. B. Hunt, whose large "Kinlockewe" (38), a misty Highland landscape with cattle, hangs in a place of honour, has achieved the feat of imitating the style of Mr. Peter. Graham so perfectly that it is hardly possible to tell which is which. Neither Mr. Brett, with an island, nor Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, with a shrine, nor Mr. McWhirter, with a birch-tree, nor Mr. Davis, with white cattle crossing a stream, does more than remind us how well we have seen these subjects treated by these artists elsewhere.

Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons' Winter Exhibition is also open; and this is on the whole rather more interesting. There are at least two new pictures which are well worth seeing. M. de Munkacsy's "A Tender Chord" (8) is a return to those sentimental compositions of figures in seventeenth-century dress in which the eminent Hungarian painter made his early successes. An elderly bearded man, with a glass of red wine arrested in his hand, sinks back in a great chair, on the back of which a younger man is leaning, and seems transported with the tones of a viol which a girl, seated in the window, plays to them. The three heads are beautiful, and

the whole composition is very graceful and harmonious. The painting, as grows to be more and more the custom with M. de Munkacsy, is a little thin and loose in places where the workmanship has not amused him. Every inch of the surface amuses Mr. Alma Tadema, and his "Promise of Spring" (55) is the direct opposite of the Hungarian picture. It is a minutely, brilliantly, and rather tightly finished example of the sort of Roman genre which it pleases Mr. Alma Tadema now to give us. A girl is seated, under a blossoming pear-tree, on a marble seat, while a somewhat angular youth stands at her side adoring. Where M. de Munkacsy is so happy in the spontaneous sensibility of his figures, Mr. Alma Tadema is weak; his Romans, in this instance, look posed and stiff. But the canvas contains, as ever, miracles of exquisite technique.

Among other works not seen before, or not observed, we find a very refined little Troyon, "A Quiet Pool" (53), of course with cows; a marvellous example of François Flameng at his best, "La Cour de la Reine Jeanne à l'Alhambra" (97), each figure in which is a study; a curious and very slight grey sketch of "The Thames at Blackfriars" (17), painted by Bastien Lepage when he was here in July 1881; and "A Difficult Passage" (39), a girl returning from the well past a row of idle Guardsmen, by Jules Girardet. Of the latest Spanish school we have seen no recent specimen more brilliant than "The Procession of the Rosary" (77), by José Gallangos, characterized in a most marvellous way, and containing heads, and an arrangement of white tones, which might have been signed by Fortuny. José Benlliure's "Taking the Veil at Seville" (74) is of course very good, but not so striking.

Several old favourites of the public are to be seen at Messrs. Tooth's—the "Of a Fool and his Folly" (50), by Mr. Briton Riviere; Mr. Waller's "In his Father's Footsteps" (61); Sir J. E. Millais's "Pomona" (92); and John Linnell's "Approaching Storm" (29), a picture greatly admired when it was first seen in 1873, but now strangely violent to the eye in its forced tones of orange and blue. A full-length figure, "La Pêcheuse" (75), by M. Bouguereau, appears to be quite new. It is not a successful attempt to rival the Jules Bretons of a later generation than M. Bouguereau's.

THE OPERA.

THE strain caused by a constant change of programme has made itself felt in more than one direction at the performances of Italian opera at Covent Garden during the past ten days. Ponchielli's *La Gioconda*, which had been originally announced for Thursday, the 23rd ult., was replaced by Verdi's hackneyed *Trovatore*, in which Mlles. Sofia and Giulia Ravogli appeared as Leonora and Azucena respectively. The former has hardly sufficient voice for the part, though she is a conscientious and painstaking artist, but her sister sang and acted so admirably as almost to infuse some degree of interest into a part with which opera-goers are only too familiar. As far as vocal qualities go, she was well seconded by Signor Giannini; but unfortunately his Manrico shows that he is absolutely without any power as an actor. Nevertheless he is to be commended for having more sense of dramatic propriety than most representatives of the part, for he declined to emerge from his prison in order to bow his acknowledgments to the public for his share in the famous *Miserere* scene. Signor Galassi was a very unsatisfactory Conte di Luna; his singing throughout the opera was rough and wanting in finish, and his intonation was occasionally very faulty. He has an unpleasant trick of jerking his notes out which is most disagreeable and inartistic. On Friday, the 24th, Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* served to bring forward the Polish soprano, Mlle. Stromfeld, in an important part. Without being a particularly sympathetic singer, she understands the art of making the most of the means at her command. Her voice is naturally not strong, but it has been carefully trained, and in the Mad scene she sang with much brilliancy. Signor Padilla, who appeared as Ashton, is well known in London, and is always acceptable; but of Señor Suane, the Edgardo, the less that is said the better. He is reported to have been greeted in his own country as a successor to Gayarré; but if this is the case, the Spanish critics must be singularly incompetent to form an opinion, for a feeble singer has seldom been heard on the operatic stage. In the earlier part of the performance he seemed to make some attempt to overcome his vicious *tremolo*, but before long the bad habit asserted itself with undiminished strength, and his unvoiced utterances were painful to listen to.

While wishing every success to Signor Lago's spirited enterprise, it is impossible to bestow unlimited praise upon the performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, which attracted a large audience last Saturday. The work has not been heard in London for so long that considerable interest was felt in its revival; for, though it contains much that is tawdry and meretricious, many of the scenes are admirable for dramatic force and vigour. With two such good representatives of the principal characters as Mme. Fanny Moody—the Alice—and Signor Perotti—the Robert—it might surely have been considered worth while to bestow more care upon the revival than was done. The opera doubtless suffers from undue length, but with a performance which begins at half-past seven, there can be no excuse for the merciless cuts which were made

in the score. Not only were whole scenes omitted, but the ensembles were hacked about in a manner which was utterly disastrous to the composer's music, and the general mounting was quite unworthy of the traditions of Covent Garden. The scene of the resuscitation of the nuns may not be conceived in the best taste, but it need not be made ridiculous, and the stage directions should not have been so entirely ignored as to make the members of the *corps de ballet* calmly walk on to the stage instead of arising from their tombs. Dancing has been so much neglected at the opera for so many years that it requires little short of a revolution to reform it. In most operas the ballet is of but little importance; but in *Robert le Diable* the effect of the greater part of the third act depends upon it, and it would be better not to perform the opera at all than to present it in a manner which cannot fail to provoke laughter. It is pleasanter to turn from these unsatisfactory features of the performance to Mme. Moody's excellent singing as Alice, in which part she has had some experience in the English version played in the provinces by the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Her pure voice and excellent method were eminently satisfactory; in the great duet with Bertram in the third act, and especially in the final trio, her singing was of a very high degree of merit. She was ably supported by Signor Perotti, whose fine chest notes and dramatic style make him a thoroughly efficient representative of the part of Robert. The Isabella was Mlle. Stromfeld, whose voice is scarcely strong enough to do full justice to the music. Mr. Charles Manners, who appeared as Bertram, has a fine bass voice and sings well. His singing contributed not a little to make the magnificent trio in the fifth act by far the most satisfactory feature in the whole performance. His practice as an actor, first at the Savoy, afterwards with the Carl Rosa Company, stood him in good stead. His make-up might be improved, perhaps; but his reading of the part is both original and commendable. The fact that most Bertramos are sticks does not prove, as some seem to think, that Meyerbeer meant the part to be solemnly walked through. Mr. Manners acted it, and acted it well, and so disturbed the Camarina of operatic tradition. Both orchestra and chorus showed signs of want of rehearsal, and more than once a disaster was only averted by Signor Ardit's presence of mind and experience. The performance of *Faust* last Monday was chiefly interesting owing to the appearance of Miss Macintyre as Margherita, a part in which she has already been frequently seen in London. Her singing of Gounod's music, though familiar, will always be heard with pleasure; and on Monday her performance was as charming as ever, in spite of the poor support afforded her by a very indifferent Faust. The "King of Thule" ballad and Jewel Song were delightfully given, but the young Scotch soprano is best in the concluding duet and trio, in which her beautiful high notes tell with extraordinary effect. As an actress she is inclined to be too conscious, but everything she does is marked by intelligence, and evidently carefully thought out, and she will certainly improve greatly by experience. Signor Merolles replaced Mr. Novara as Mephistopheles, and gave a fairly satisfactory performance of the part, the music of which is better suited to his voice than that of the other characters in which he has appeared this season.

If the taste of the English public in musical matters were not governed by entirely indefinite rules, it might seem strange that so artistic and interesting an opera as Ponchielli's *La Gioconda* has failed to become a favourite in this country. Though the book, which Signor Boito prepared from Victor Hugo's *Angelo*, is somewhat involved in plot, yet it is admirably written and full of strong situations, and in no opera is the interest better sustained to the very end. Ponchielli's music is a happy combination of Italian melody with the dramatic spirit of the French school, and the whole work is vigorous and full of life. Probably the fashionable public upon which Italian opera depends for support consider *La Gioconda* too serious in subject and style, while the limited number of amateurs who are usually supposed to form the musical public refuse to admit the possibility of a work being artistic which is so thoroughly un-Teutonic in its spirit. Be this as it may, Ponchielli's masterpiece has always failed to attract, though every successive performance must convince an unbiassed hearer that it is a work of great merit, and one which will survive the temporary eclipse from which it appears to be suffering. For these reasons its revival last Wednesday was very welcome, especially as great care had evidently been bestowed upon the performance. Though the cast would not compare for general excellence with that when the opera was first produced in 1883, yet, with a few exceptions, the characters were very adequately filled. Mlle. Maria Peri, who undertook the arduous title-role, is not a singer whom English audiences are likely to care for. Her voice is good, and she sings with dramatic feeling, but her style and method are defective, and she has a continual tendency towards exaggeration. As Laura, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli once more showed what an excellent artist she is; her share of the duet with *La Gioconda* in the second act—one of the most effective numbers of the opera—was admirably sung, and throughout the work she was always most efficient, although it was the first time she had appeared in the character. In the small but important part of La Cieca, Miss Grace Damian, who is well known as an oratorio and concert singer, made a successful *début* on the operatic stage. Her voice told with very good effect in the ensembles of the first and third acts, and she sang the air "Voco di donna" with real feeling. The part gives little opportunity for acting, and in this respect Miss Damian will

probably improve; for her singing shows that she is endowed with dramatic feeling. Signor Galassi gave a rough but not ineffective representation of Barnaba; the Altrise of Signor Fiegna was very weak, and robbed the fine scene with Laura in the third act of much of its effect. The Enzo of Señor Suane was the most serious defect in the performance; both vocally and dramatically it was entirely inadequate. Orchestra and chorus left little to be desired, and the whole opera was mounted far better than any other work which has been given this season.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS ACTORS.

[The daily organ of the Parnellite party in Dublin warns Mr. Balfour not to misinterpret the "civility" of the Connaught peasants: whereat the anxious English Gladstonian is for a moment comforted.]

OH! but may we believe it was merely civility?

Much reassured shall we be if we may;

Peace would return to us, thus with facility

Balfour's reception explaining away.

Fain would we banish thus airily, breezily,

Vague apprehensions that burden the breast;

Gloomy suspicions that haunt us uneasily

Reading accounts of his tour in the West.

Full fain would we hope 'tis the Minister's vanity

Makes him interpret men's sentiments ill,

And in mere demonstrations of Celtic urbanity

Fancy the voice of a people's good-will.

No doubt, then, while crowds have been shouting "God bless you!"

Aside they have whispered, "You know what I mean;

This is hardly the way you'd have heard us address you

If wholly spontaneous our greetings had been."

"Hurrah," too, "for Balfour!" "Long life to your honour!"—

Here, also, a like explanation will do,

For "Balfour" meant doubtless "O'Brine" or "O'Connor,"

Or maybe "Hurrah" was ironic for "Boo"!

It is pleasant to think that the priests who extolled him,

And feigned to be blessing him, secretly cursed;

That in "hoping to see him again" they cajoled him,

And wished they might see him—well, anywhere—first.

And yet . . . well, and yet as we note the condition

Of things in each district when Balfour arrives,

The uneasy—perhaps the unworthy—suspicion

We thought was completely extinguished revives.

Let us own it with frankness, we cannot but wonder

Where Irish "civilities" commonly stop;

We cannot get over that arch he went under

Inscribed with the legend of "Welcome" atop.

And O why, and O why did the good Father Grealy

Proclaim him "the greatest"—what language high-flown!

Do but hear it, J-hn D-l-l-n and T-m-thy H-ly—

"Of all benefactors that Ireland has known."

For if these are the methods of distant politeness

Reserved for unpopular guests, it were hard

To define the precise animation and brightness

By which they would indicate friendly regard.

Yet discretion should social hypocrisies season;

The poet, remember, felt bound to reprove

That too conscientious comedian—with reason—

Who kicks you downstairs to dissemble his love.

One can warmly approve of a little exertion

To moderate mutual antipathy's jar;

But—arches triumphal to hide an aversion!

'Tis carrying matters a trifle too far.

REVIEWS.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND DIARIES OF LORD IDDESLEIGH.*

IN that ingenious modern fashion of so-called reviewing which demands that the hapless critic of a daily paper shall hurry out a *compte-rendu* of a new book before he has had time to read—much less to think about—it, any point which will fill space without requiring reading is obviously a gain to the victim. Accordingly it is not wonderful to find that such reviewers of Mr. Lang's *Life of Sir Stafford Northcote* have fixed with much unanimity on the oddity of a professed non-politician writing the life of a man who, though much else to his friends, was, as far as the public is concerned, nothing if not political. Some

* *Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, First Earl of Idlesleigh.* By Andrew Lang. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood.

have mourned, others have laughed, at this; but we have a subtle theory that all are mistaken. In the first place, it is not in nature for a man, and a clever man, and, conceal it as he may try to do, a rather ardent patriot, to be quite so ignorant or quite so incurious of politics as Mr. Lang Socratically makes himself out here. Such a man may not have a specially political head, he may assort his opinions as oddly as the real Colonel Newcome, or the, as we hold, histrionic Mr. Lang. But the genuine mugwump is the genuine fool, and Mr. Lang and folly are many miles asunder.

No; the true explanation of the remarkable attitude displayed in these volumes lies, we are convinced, elsewhere. When the intention of publishing a *Life of Sir Stafford Northcote* was first announced, most well-informed people wondered how on earth it was going to be done. It was neither like the deceased statesman's representatives, nor like the editor, to break the decent seal of secrecy which is imposed on such recent and controversial political transactions as those which preceded Lord Iddesleigh's death, as those which attended the coming of the Conservative party into office after the great Budget drama of 1885, as those which cluster round the resignation of Lord Derby twelve years ago, and even as those which attend that of Lord Cranborne, Lord Carnarvon, and General Peel, at a distance of time nearly double as great. We can easily imagine some people suggesting such a thing, but not people of the name of Northcote; we can still more easily imagine some people doing such a thing, but not people of the name of Andrew Lang. How then get out of the puzzle? The answer seems to have been "Let us get an editor who will in the adroitest manner feign ignorance of politics, and so shall it be possible not to talk politics at all, and to give no information on these and other difficult points." Whether this design was a wholly excellent one, whether it would not have been better to follow the older plan, and wait till a real *Life*, a *Life* fully explanatory, and if necessary frankly polemical, could be written without indecency is a very different question. But there can be no doubt of the remarkable skill with which what is done has been done. Mr. Lang contrives, by judiciously insinuated phrases and adroitly jumbled expressions of opinion, to represent himself as a kind of male Rosa Dartle in politics, really anxious to know, and sorry if he makes a little confusion, expressing equal dislike of the Transvaal Convention and that greatest stroke of modern English statesmanship, the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, sufficiently misogladstonic, and yet not very complimentary either to Mr. Disraeli or Lord Salisbury, and full of other ingenious contrasts. Thus he disarms the most ferocious criticism. When we shut the book we are exactly as wise on the above disputed points and others as we were when we began it. We have not been told anything about the state of politics when Sir Stafford entered public life, or about their history during his career. We do not even receive any full criticism of his peculiar political attitude—an attitude in which some people see the finest traits of English political life, and others an exemplification of a rather early sarcasm of Lord Salisbury's, which Mr. Lang quotes with apparent and just approval:—"It is open to other nations to doubt whether it is possible, under any circumstances, that the English nation could learn the art of government."

We do not, we say, get any of these things; but we do get a very delightful book. The introduction contains a character or portrait of the subject, which, both for the excellence of the writing and the delicacy of the character-drawing, surpasses anything of the kind that we have recently read, and may not too audaciously challenge comparison with Clarendon himself. We never give such praise lightly, and we give this without hesitation. Always when we have to deal with Sir Stafford as a man, always when the crushing foot of the great political ox does not impose itself upon Mr. Lang's silver tongue, the work is done, "so well as it could hardly be done better." In taste, the most difficult and rarest of all the qualifications of a biographer, that which is most required and least frequently shown in that style of biography of which Lockhart set the fashion, Mr. Lang has, as it seems to us, made not a single slip throughout the two volumes. He has selected from the private documents at his disposal enough personal matter to flavour the narrative, and in the selection he has most carefully eschewed anything that may even possibly offend those who are living. Sometimes it is quite possible to fit the cap. The "versatile" Liberal politician who, in joyful surprise, said that "he never could have thought the Bulgarian atrocities would have turned out such a clipper," is not difficult to identify; but Mr. Lang himself gives not the very slightest further elucidation. In the sketches of Sir Stafford's earlier years, of his literary tastes, of his few holidays, of his many acts of unassuming kindness and beneficence, Mr. Lang is as thoroughly at home as a biographer can be, and narrates with a faithfulness to the happy middle way between frigidity and gush which is quite admirable. It may be true, and is true, as we have said, that we know at the end of the book little more of the hero as a politician than we did at the beginning; but, if Mr. Lang throws very little light on his subject's political acts, he throws some on his political attitude, and seems, as far as we can penetrate that ironic mist of his, to approve it.

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Where Mr. Lang, however, as *Advocatus Mugwumpismi*, sees in Sir Stafford's moderation only a praiseworthy absence of partisan and factious zeal, we confess we should see something not quite so admirable. He appears to us to have been from first to last somewhat destitute of clear first principles in politics, and in some branches of them (notably foreign and Indian policy) not even to have cleared up his secondary ideas. The confusion of parties at the time he entered public life was, indeed, most confusing; but a man of less brains than Mr. Northcote, as he then was, might have seen what the result of the first Reform Bill would inevitably be, and have shaped his course accordingly. It may be strange that there should be so few men who seem to be able to put before themselves in question form the two broad principles of all politics—"Do I wish the country to be governed by the will of the majority of the people? or do I wish the country to be governed for the good of the whole people?" to decide which they prefer, and choose their parties accordingly. Whether it be strange or not, Northcote was not one of the few, and though we think Mr. Lang right in rejecting with indignation the word timid as applied to him, he was sometimes undoubtedly vacillating, often somewhat inconsistent, though not inconstant, never perhaps able to make up his mind to "Thorough." Now "thorough" is no doubt not always to be practised, still less spoken; but it is always to be kept in view. "I bide my time" is the best of all single mottoes for a statesman; but it has two meanings, and we do not think Sir Stafford's was quite the best. This was a fault, but it was almost his only one, and we shall not soon see a more enlightened or more industrious, never perhaps a more unselfish, politician.

One little almost private and personal matter to finish. In writing of Gordon's death, Mr. Lang denounces the use of that hero's name as a party watchword, and says "we were all to blame," excepting only from this stigma the members of the expedition which conquered too late at Abu Klea. For our parts, we repudiate energetically and uncompromisingly any share of the imputation. Mr. Lang might as well say that the regiments which were doing their duty in other continents were guilty of Gordon's blood as throw a share of the blame on those who, in their vocation and duty, never missed an opportunity of using pen and voice and vote to prevent, to remedy, to avenge that shameful crime. We say this in no Pharisaic spirit, and fortunately we do not stand alone in this matter; for there were many more who, also in their vocation and as fate gave them chance, did their utmost in the same cause. In the name of all such, we protest against Mr. Lang's words, however generous, and generous it undoubtedly was, may have been the spirit that prompted them.

NOVELS.

A LOST ILLUSION is a story with a Quaker background, as Mr. Oscar Wilde would say. Like most three-volume

* *A Lost Illusion*. By Leslie Keith. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

Locusta. By W. Outram Tristram. 1 vol. London: Ward & Downey. 1890.

Blind Fate. By Mrs. Alexander. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

Wife or Slave? By Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw. 1 vol. London: Henry & Company. 1890.

Our Pleasant Vices. By Milner Macmaster. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Arminell. By Baring-Gould. 1 vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

novels, it is too long; but whereas, in the ordinary work of this description, one may leave out the middle volume with both pleasure and profit, in the present novel volumes one and three were best omitted. The first volume is devoted to a description of the dull life of Quakerdom, and does not succeed in avoiding being itself dull also. In the third the crash comes, and it is a crash which does not succeed in being effective, but is disagreeable, while the murder of the heroine's husband apparently only paves the way for her marriage with her former husband's cousin, with whom she appears to have carried on a scarcely veiled flirtation for some time previously. The marriage is only suggested, probably because the novel is quite long enough already, without any additional matter; but the suggestion of it is a mistake, and in fact the whole winding-up, so to speak, of the plot is false in art. Elizabeth Vyner, the heroine, is a puling young Quakeress, who, having obtained an infinitely better husband than she deserves, develops into a very silly and wilful wife, putting up her own whims in opposition to her husband's judgment in her zeal for certain philanthropic fads. The middle volume is devoted to the really charming domesticity of this pair. The third is devoted to hysterical screaming over the husband's pre-matrimonial wild oats. His delinquencies are worked up in strong relief, and are painted a good uniform black, but the impression left by the book on the reader is only a feeling of disgust for the heroics of the wife, and it is a pity that the novel, after having in the second volume risen to be really interesting, should in the third sink back into mawkishness. The sentiment of the whole story is false, and the author's evident sympathy with and admiration for his heroine is irritating. The man is so much the better of the two, besides being a far better-conceived character. If all the moralizing in the book were left out, the reader would be less bored, and the story considerably shortened. Fortunately, one soon begins to scent the author's wise saws and modern instances afar off, and omits that paragraph. Lastly, we would remark that Quaker dialogue is maddening to read, unless it is admirably done, sometimes even then, especially in large doses, and that butlers do not usually soliloquize in this style: "If this sort of thing goes on, I must seek a new sphere of usefulness," except on the stage.

The eccentricities of the female poisoner are not often very pleasant reading, and *Locusta* is no exception to this rule. The background of Court intrigue (the date of the story is 1612) is disagreeable, and deals with an English sovereign who has no redeeming points to justify his being introduced prominently into fiction. He is not a grand figure; he is merely repulsive, and might be left to slobber (to quote Mr. Tristram's own word) in the obscurity of a history-book in the top shelves of a library, as far as his personality is concerned. James I. and his favourites may, with profit, be left out of the portrait gallery of the modern semi-historical romance, unless the hand at work on them be an extremely practised one, with a more than ordinarily skilful touch. This touch is certainly wanting in *Locusta*. On the contrary, the gruesome amount of carnage, the sufferings of the Italian, the debauchery of the Court, and the incapacity and self-indulgence of the King, are all drawn with a heavy hand, and with no light touches to relieve the dark picture. Though the plot itself shows some constructive power, the melodramatic style in which the events are related, and the copious notes of exclamation which this entails, make it sound unnatural. This is especially true of the description of the Italian's sufferings in the well, and the minute account of the agonies he endures there. Again, the intense sameness of the characters of the courtiers is irritating. It may be quite true that in the world

Smith grows liker every day
To Jones;

but a little variety is necessary to make a modern romance successful. The vengeance wreaked by the Italian D'Amalos, unfortunately for the author, challenges comparison, by its similarity of idea, with the vengeance of Monte Cristo in Dumas's fascinating story, and in such a comparison the advantage is certainly all on the side of the older romance. The extreme sameness of the Italian's remarks at the death of each victim ought to have shown the author the folly of cramming five out of six of the deaths into one chapter. The incessant iteration of the rather stilted phrases which he keeps for these occasions is intolerable when repeated in two or three consecutive pages. Dumas, while he succeeded in making Monte Cristo more statuesque and less stilted in his observations on these occasions, took care to put them not only in separate chapters, but even several chapters apart, so that when the climax comes we are not tempted to say with the young lady in Lewis Carroll's poem, "I've heard all that nonsense before." *Locusta* will owe its success, if it has any, to its rather effective cover, and to the attraction, to a certain type of mind, of its title.

The detective story always counts a considerable number of votaries, and to these *Blind Fate* will be welcome, though it will not claim many admirers outside their numbers. The story is, perhaps, somewhat slight to be expanded into three volumes; but the interest is on the whole well kept up, and the identity of the murderer more or less uncertain to the end of the book, when the mystery is revealed. The weak point in the plot is in the winding up of the story by the marriage of the murderer's sister-in-law to her guardian. The extreme diffidence with which the middle-aged guardian is made to urge his suit might have warned Mrs. Alexander of the wisdom of leaving them in single blessedness to the end of the chapter, and beyond it. There are no strikingly

original characters in the story. We have the eternal detective with his irritating omniscience, though in this case more venal and unscrupulous than most of his class whom we have met with in this type of fiction; we have the jealous and slightly half-witted husband, the lovely wife, victim of a handsome gentleman's misplaced attachment. Lastly, to complete the modernity of the romance, we have a little mesmerism, so to speak, "chucked in." The latter-day novel is never complete without a savour of spooks and sprites, or a seasoning of "isms"—hypnotisms, mesmerisms, spiritualisms, and spiritisms, the two latter kept rigidly separate by the orthodox psychic, though the distinction seems to the lay mind to lack a difference. The only really striking passage in the book is the defence of his passion by the lover of the murdered wife. Here for a moment Mrs. Alexander touches the sublime, and we are so carried away by the force of the man's defence that we hardly wonder that Dorothy's amiable guardian is too taken aback to be able to make head against it. For the rest, the utter terror with which the detective inspires all the household, including his employers, and the helpless way in which they give way to him, and put themselves voluntarily into awkward predicaments, seem to us not quite natural; but perhaps that is the way with people who employ private detectives. We have had no opportunities of judging.

The trail of the mesmerist is over *Wife or Slave?* also, where we are introduced to a thought-reading young man, who also sees a vision. The book is one of those terrible things, novels with a purpose; and belongs to that still more terrible class where the purpose has been too much both for the style and occasionally the grammar. Even the correction of the proofs seems to have suffered from the same cause, as there are misprints often at the rate of two a page. The heroine (the wife or the slave) is in grave doubts about her title, or at least, if her mind is clear on the point, her friends are not sure about it. She is alternately addressed as "Lady St. Kestor" and "Lady Laura," though her husband is a baronet, and she is only the daughter of an untitled vicar. The book is full of unpleasant people. There is a Mr. Dallas, subsequently member of Parliament, who constantly produces sticks of barley sugar to suck in public, and a noble baronet who beats his wife, and is much too great a brute to be natural. His flirtations with a singularly revolting female, niece to the parvenu Scotch knight, are carried on almost under his wife's eyes, and are described with a fulness that might well have been curtailed. Mrs. Bradshaw waxes exceeding wrath over this lady's low-necked evening dress, and quite rises to the grandeur of the proverbial British matron in her scorn of this terrible costume. Under these circumstances she might well have given a less detailed description of the amours of this hideous pair. By the way, the niece adds to her other little peccadilloes attempted poisoning. Sir Peter himself, the Scotch distiller, is a gruesome personage; and in fact the whole cast are a thoroughly repulsive collection. The weakness of the plot may, perhaps, be excused in consideration of the moral earnestness which Mrs. Bradshaw brings to bear on the Purpose (with a large "P") of the story—namely, the amelioration of the condition of wives. But, without damaging the feebleness of the plot, she might still have corrected her proofs, and avoided such expressions as "I am sorry it has been necessary to reap up so much that has been unpleasant," and "It's no use reaping up old scores." Is the last of these meant for "ripping up old sores," or how should this obviously corrupt passage be emended?

Our Pleasant Vices is a distinctly clever story, though the vices illustrated by it belie its title, seeing that they certainly give no pleasure to their owners, and the merely literary pleasure which the reader finds in them hardly counts as a justification for the epithet. The particular pleasant vice which the story deals with is the substitution of an illegitimate child for a legitimate one; but, though we recognize the vice, we fail to perceive the pleasure—as does the vicious husband in the story also. But, setting aside the question of the title, the book is distinctly well written, and the characters well conceived. The dialogue, too, is bright all through, almost too bright to come naturally from uneducated bushmen. The characters of the pious Mrs. Faber and her 'umble instruments who take the place of Providence uninvited are admirable, and the author manages to make us sympathize with his heroine and her lover from beginning to end—an art not too common in modern novelists, who are apt to be so blinded by partiality for their heroes that they do not perceive that they are either prigs, or fools, or both. We are not quite sure that the plot is strong enough to support so long a story; but it is so cleverly written that one thoroughly enjoys reading it in spite of this fault in construction. The book is not only pleasant to read, but also pleasant to hold—an excellent thing in novels. The binding is exceedingly simple and tasteful and the paper delightful—in fact, quite a new departure in three-volumed novels.

Arminell is the story of two prigs, one specimen from each sex. One is the young lady after whom the book is named; the other is the tutor in the family. On the principle, presumably, of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," his familiar friends call this young man "Jingles," though his real name is Saltren—Giles Inglett Saltren, which, we are told, got boiled down to Jingles by the cruelty of his fellow national-school children. These two young people are both oppressed by the weight of the wrongs of mankind in general and of themselves in particular, for no other reason apparently than that they have both of them fared in the world so infinitely better than they

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Our Pleasant Vices. By Milner Macmaster. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

Arminell. By Baring-Gould. 1 vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1890.

novels, it is too long; but whereas, in the ordinary work of this description, one may leave out the middle volume with both pleasure and profit, in the present novel volumes one and three were best omitted. The first volume is devoted to a description of the dull life of Quakerdom, and does not succeed in avoiding being itself dull also. In the third the crash comes, and it is a crash which does not succeed in being effective, but is disagreeable, while the murder of the heroine's husband apparently only paves the way for her marriage with her former husband's cousin, with whom she appears to have carried on a scarcely veiled flirtation for some time previously. The marriage is only suggested, probably because the novel is quite long enough already, without any additional matter; but the suggestion of it is a mistake, and in fact the whole winding-up, so to speak, of the plot is false in art. Elizabeth Vyner, the heroine, is a piling young Quakeress, who, having obtained an infinitely better husband than she deserves, develops into a very silly and wilful wife, putting up her own whims in opposition to her husband's judgment in her zeal for certain philanthropic fads. The middle volume is devoted to the really charming domesticity of this pair. The third is devoted to hysterical screaming over the husband's pre-matrimonial wild oats. His delinquencies are worked up in strong relief, and are painted a good uniform black, but the impression left by the book on the reader is only a feeling of disgust for the heroics of the wife, and it is a pity that the novel, after having in the second volume risen to be really interesting, should in the third sink back into mawkishness. The sentiment of the whole story is false, and the author's evident sympathy with and admiration for his heroine is irritating. The man is so much the better of the two, besides being a far better-conceived character. If all the moralizing in the book were left out, the reader would be less bored, and the story considerably shortened. Fortunately, one soon begins to scent the author's wise saws and modern instances afar off, and omits that paragraph. Lastly, we would remark that Quaker dialogue is maddening to read, unless it is admirably done, sometimes even then, especially in large doses, and that butlers do not usually soliloquize in this style: "If this sort of thing goes on, I must seek a new sphere of usefulness," except on the stage.

The eccentricities of the female poisoner are not often very pleasant reading, and *Locusta* is no exception to this rule. The background of Court intrigue (the date of the story is 1612) is disagreeable, and deals with an English sovereign who has no redeeming points to justify his being introduced prominently into fiction. He is not a grand figure; he is merely repulsive, and might be left to slobber (to quote Mr. Tristram's own word) in the obscurity of a history-book in the top shelves of a library, as far as his personality is concerned. James I. and his favourites may, with profit, be left out of the portrait gallery of the modern semi-historical romance, unless the hand at work on them be an extremely practised one, with a more than ordinarily skilful touch. This touch is certainly wanting in *Locusta*. On the contrary, the gruesome amount of carnage, the sufferings of the Italian, the debauchery of the Court, and the incapacity and self-indulgence of the King, are all drawn with a heavy hand, and with no light touches to relieve the dark picture. Though the plot itself shows some constructive power, the melodramatic style in which the events are related, and the copious notes of exclamation which this entails, make it sound unnatural. This is especially true of the description of the Italian's sufferings in the well, and the minute account of the agonies he endures there. Again, the intense sameness of the characters of the courtiers is irritating. It may be quite true that in the world

Smith grows liker every day
To Jones;

but a little variety is necessary to make a modern romance successful. The vengeance wreaked by the Italian D'Amalos, unfortunately for the author, challenges comparison, by its similarity of idea, with the vengeance of Monte Cristo in Dumas's fascinating story, and in such a comparison the advantage is certainly all on the side of the older romance. The extreme sameness of the Italian's remarks at the death of each victim ought to have shown the author the folly of cramming five out of six of the deaths into one chapter. The incessant iteration of the rather stilted phrases which he keeps for these occasions is intolerable when repeated in two or three consecutive pages. Dumas, while he succeeded in making Monte Cristo more statuesque and less stilted in his observations on these occasions, took care to put them not only in separate chapters, but even several chapters apart, so that when the climax comes we are not tempted to say with the young lady in Lewis Carroll's poem, "I've heard all that nonsense before." *Locusta* will owe its success, if it has any, to its rather effective cover, and to the attraction, to a certain type of mind, of its title.

The detective story always counts a considerable number of votaries, and to these *Blind Fate* will be welcome, though it will not claim many admirers outside their numbers. The story is, perhaps, somewhat slight to be expanded into three volumes; but the interest is on the whole well kept up, and the identity of the murderer more or less uncertain to the end of the book, when the mystery is revealed. The weak point in the plot is in the winding up of the story by the marriage of the murderer's sister-in-law to her guardian. The extreme diffidence with which the middle-aged guardian is made to urge his suit might have warned Mrs. Alexander of the wisdom of leaving them in single blessedness to the end of the chapter, and beyond it. There are no strikingly

original characters in the story. We have the eternal detective with his irritating omniscience, though in this case more venal and unscrupulous than most of his class whom we have met with in this type of fiction; we have the jealous and slightly half-witted husband, the lovely wife, victim of a handsome gentleman's misplaced attachment. Lastly, to complete the modernity of the romance, we have a little mesmerism, so to speak, "chucked in." The latter-day novel is never complete without a savour of spooks and sprites, or a seasoning of "isms"—hypnotisms, mesmerisms, spiritualisms, and spiritisms, the two latter kept rigidly separate by the orthodox psychic, though the distinction seems to the lay mind to lack a difference. The only really striking passage in the book is the defence of his passion by the lover of the murdered wife. Here for a moment Mrs. Alexander touches the sublime, and we are so carried away by the force of the man's defence that we hardly wonder that Dorothy's amiable guardian is too taken aback to be able to make head against it. For the rest, the utter terror with which the detective inspires all the household, including his employers, and the helpless way in which they give way to him, and put themselves voluntarily into awkward predicaments, seem to us not quite natural; but perhaps that is the way with people who employ private detectives. We have had no opportunities of judging.

The trail of the mesmerist is over *Wife or Slave?* also, where we are introduced to a thought-reading young man, who also sees a vision. The book is one of those terrible things, novels with a purpose; and belongs to that still more terrible class where the purpose has been too much both for the style and occasionally the grammar. Even the correction of the proofs seems to have suffered from the same cause, as there are misprints often at the rate of two a page. The heroine (the wife or the slave) is in grave doubts about her title, or at least, if her mind is clear on the point, her friends are not sure about it. She is alternately addressed as "Lady St. Kestor" and "Lady Laura," though her husband is a baronet, and she is only the daughter of an untitled vicar. The book is full of unpleasant people. There is a Mr. Dallas, subsequently member of Parliament, who constantly produces sticks of barley sugar to suck in public, and a noble baronet who beats his wife, and is much too great a brute to be natural. His flirtations with a singularly revolting female, niece to the parvenu Scotch knight, are carried on almost under his wife's eyes, and are described with a fulness that might well have been curtailed. Mrs. Bradshaw waxes exceeding wrath over this lady's low-necked evening dress, and quite rises to the grandeur of the proverbial British matron in her scorn of this terrible costume. Under these circumstances she might well have given a less detailed description of the amours of this hideous pair. By the way, the niece adds to her other little peccadilloes attempted poisoning. Sir Peter himself, the Scotch distiller, is a gruesome personage; and in fact the whole cast are a thoroughly repulsive collection. The weakness of the plot may, perhaps, be excused in consideration of the moral earnestness which Mrs. Bradshaw brings to bear on the Purpose (with a large "P") of the story—namely, the amelioration of the condition of wives. But, without damaging the feebleness of the plot, she might still have corrected her proofs, and avoided such expressions as "I am sorry it has been necessary to reap up so much that has been unpleasant," and "It's no use reaping up old scores." Is the last of these meant for "ripping up old sores," or how should this obviously corrupt passage be emended?

Our Pleasant Vices is a distinctly clever story, though the vices illustrated by it belie its title, seeing that they certainly give no pleasure to their owners, and the merely literary pleasure which the reader finds in them hardly counts as a justification for the epithet. The particular pleasant vice which the story deals with is the substitution of an illegitimate child for a legitimate one; but, though we recognize the vice, we fail to perceive the pleasure—as does the vicious husband in the story also. But, setting aside the question of the title, the book is distinctly well written, and the characters well conceived. The dialogue, too, is bright all through, almost too bright to come naturally from uneducated bushmen. The characters of the pious Mrs. Faber and her humble instruments who take the place of Providence unvisited are admirable, and the author manages to make us sympathize with his heroine and her lover from beginning to end—an art not too common in modern novelists, who are apt to be so blinded by partiality for their heroes that they do not perceive that they are either prigs, or fools, or both. We are not quite sure that the plot is strong enough to support so long a story; but it is so cleverly written that one thoroughly enjoys reading it in spite of this fault in construction. The book is not only pleasant to read, but also pleasant to hold—an excellent thing in novels. The binding is exceedingly simple and tasteful and the paper delightful—in fact, quite a new departure in three-volumed novels.

Arminell is the story of two prigs, one specimen from each sex. One is the young lady after whom the book is named; the other is the tutor in the family. On the principle, presumably, of "give a dog a bad name and hang him," his familiar friends call this young man "Jingles," though his real name is Saltren—Giles Inglett Saltren, which, we are told, got boiled down to Jingles by the cruelty of his fellow national-school children. These two young people are both oppressed by the weight of the wrongs of mankind in general and of themselves in particular, for no other reason apparently than that they have both of them fared in the world so infinitely better than they

deserved. The point of the story hangs on the romancings of Mr. Jingles's mamma, who gives Mr. Jingles to understand that he is the son of the noble Baron, Miss Arminell's father, to whom she—his mother—was married by a friend of the noble Baron's, who, unfortunately, was not legally capable of performing the rite of matrimony. The extremely simple Mr. Jingles is taken in at once by the tale; and with his adventures, acting on this information from his mother, the story deals. It is only fair to say that the two young people are greatly improved by adversity, and that by the time one gets to the end of the story (it is not too short) their marriage does not seem so regrettable as it would have done earlier in the book. The mere writing is clever, though we think the plot clumsy and the whole subject a distasteful one for a novel; still there are some clever pieces in it, and the character of the latter-day mystic is well drawn. The style, however, is sometimes a little irritating. The long, long similes with which Miss Arminell and the tutor garnish their conversations are trying reading and quite unnatural. Also Mr. Baring-Gould sometimes condescends to write newspaper English, as, for instance, when he makes his heroine say, "I wonder whether it would be *feasible* to reach the owls?" Renaissance does not usually bear an accent on the first "e"; but, perhaps, on this point we differ, not with Mr. Baring-Gould, but with his printer.

SOLES.*

THE question frequently arises as to which is the best sea-fish, and ultimately, as a rule, we arrive at a comparison of three—namely, the haddock, the turbot, and the sole. Good as the haddock and the turbot are, they imply a competent cook and demand an explanatory and appropriate sauce to bring out their full flavour and meaning. But the dear good sole needs no such adventitious aid. A scullery-maid can cook it. As for sauces, you have a choice of three. For turbot and for haddock you must have, respectively, lobster and egg. For the sole, you may have (1) nothing; (2) a pat of butter; (3) anything; and of these number 1 is perhaps the best, number 2 is not easily obtained except in London, and number 3 leaves you and your precious sole too much at the mercy of a cook. Still, as we have been careful to point out, there is a drawback about the sole. He is good, but he is also dear. That he may become more common, and consequently cheaper, is much to be wished; but the difficulties in the way of this desired consummation are many and great. Mr. Cunningham's book is written to point them out and to suggest the remedy. In order to do so he goes fully into the life and habits of the fish, and tells us many things incidentally which will not be readily found in any other book. We shall never again help ourselves to one of those firm white filets without additional love and respect for the prince of table-fish. At the same time we cannot help asking the question—and it is almost the only one on which Mr. Cunningham fails to afford full information—Why should one side be plain and the other coloured? Why should the two sides of the sole be so different? Nature appears sometimes to enjoy creating what looks like an imperfection, on purpose to invent an elaborate remedy. The colour is, of course, to afford the sole protection from numerous enemies. But it would have seemed more easy to make both sides alike, instead of forcing the poor fish to lie always on its left side and twist its left eye round the corner. The curious question as to how the two eyes come to be together on the upper side is fully discussed by Mr. Cunningham. He expounds the views of the different schools of evolutionists, taking it for granted that all zoologists are now evolutionists. According to one school the patriarchal sole, in some remote age had an eye nearer the edge of its face than its congeners, and consequently found itself the fittest to survive when they were gobbled up, and the most likely to succeed in founding a family. By degrees, after successive generations, the eye came round the corner altogether. Another school believes more strongly in the inheritance of a variation. Mr. Cunningham himself thinks that the ancestors of the existing flat fishes, in order to twist the lower eye till its optical axis was almost parallel to the surface of the head, must have used the oblique muscles belonging to that organ until the muscles became more and more largely developed. May it not also be suggested that the sole keeps his dark side for his enemies, but flashes his white side upon his particular friends and lovers when he desires their society?

It seems to be hardly so well known as it deserves that the sole is a very chameleon among fishes. Like the leopard, he cannot change his spots, though he can vary their shade; but, unlike the Ethiopian, he can change his complexion, and that to a marvellous extent. Mr. Cunningham gives us the result of his experiments in some admirable chromolithographs from water-colour drawings by Miss Annie Willis. They illustrate, better than is at all possible by words, remarkable changes of hue. A sole placed in a white porcelain dish, and exposed to full daylight, acquired a pale grey ground colour, with touches of dull blue. The blotches turned straw-colour, and the white spots disappeared. Another, placed on a bed of coal, and partly screened from the light, turned shades of dark brown, except the edges of

the fins, which remained white. "A sole placed on the white dish begins to get lighter almost immediately"; but it becomes darker if disturbed, and does not acquire its palest shade for several hours. Mr. Cunningham attributes these changes to the action of light causing the black and yellow chromatophores of the skin to contract or expand. A strong light makes them contract, but in semi-darkness they expand, and the colour is diffused over a larger surface. These pigment cells are fixed so that the marking, whether pale or dark, always follows the same pattern on the same individual. The white spots seem to form a puzzle for naturalists. On white porcelain, as we have seen, with plenty of light, they attain a bluish colour, and are sometimes very dark, whereas they disappear when the sole is on a dark ground and shaded from the sun. When more light is admitted they return. A sole kept on yellow gravel varied much at different times. For hours together he would remain dark, and then change colour, like a young lady for no particular reason that could be discovered. Plate I. represents "a living sole, lying on coarse, bright-coloured gravel, in a shallow porcelain dish full of seawater, and exposed to daylight from a south window." The resemblance of the markings and colour of the fish to those of the gravel is very curious.

The sole varies in size according to age and feeding. When he is first hatched he is symmetrical, like the cod or the haddock. He boasts of "an eye on each side of the head," and he is able to swim vertically. But in the next stage he lies prone upon the sand, and both his eyes are "topside." When a year has elapsed he is about five inches in length, and he grows at the rate of three inches every year as long as he lives, the rapidity of his increase in size varying as the amount of food and other similar conditions. The largest sole on record was twenty-six inches long and eleven and a half wide, and weighed nine pounds. Mr. Cunningham was acquainted with a sole which was twenty inches and a half long. There is something almost sublime in the thought. A fillet of sole of, say, a foot long, must have been a sight to see, also to eat; because the sole does not deteriorate as he grows larger, like some fishes.

The sole is distributed in a somewhat arbitrary manner. He does not often occur north of the latitude of Flamborough Head, yet examples are met with over a very widely extended area. He is most abundant on the west coast of England, all round Ireland, in the Bay of Biscay, on the coast of Portugal, and throughout the Mediterranean. A small sole, not apparently known to Mr. Cunningham, is found in the Red Sea, and is by far the best fish seen there; for, though other kinds are very abundant, they are all either insipid or positively nauseous. Off Plymouth the sole is scarce just at present, but is fairly abundant on the north coast of Cornwall. His natural home is fine, loose sand, in which he can bury himself by a peculiar rapid shaking motion of the side fins. His habits are nocturnal; though, of course, when disturbed in the daytime, he rises from his bed, and is then frequently caught. The method by which the sole searches for food is peculiar. He taps the sandy bottom with his head, guided apparently by scent only; when the tactile filaments find something edible, he immediately seizes it with a vigorous and sudden snap of the lower half of the jaws, where the teeth are situated, but never snaps at anything not first localized by his feelers. He eats marine worms, shrimps, and very small shell-fish. His chief enemy is man; but young soles are devoured by gulls and shore birds, and also in all probability by congers, cod, and hake; but the angler fish, all mouth and no body, is the only one absolutely destructive. "I have often," says Mr. Cunningham, "seen soles taken from its stomach on the deck of a trawler, and when extracted they are usually quite uninjured and are packed away with the rest for market; so that, when we eat a sole, we cannot be certain that it has not been swallowed before." The newspapers lately had notes on the sole fishery of the west of Ireland. It is not easy to believe that the Irish will ever be bold trawlers like the Cornishmen; but the new railways, in providing access to a market, may stimulate the fishermen to greater exertions.

The prosaic public, who are only interested in soles as table dainties, will like to know what chance there is that Mr. Cunningham's patient researches will be utilized towards either preserving or propagating so valuable a fish. Probably the next few years will show some good results; but, as in many other things, money is a principal factor. There would be no great difficulty in hatching the eggs, but hatching places are expensive and must have constant attention. It would be cheaper and better if the skippers of trawlers could be taught some practical pisciculture, as Professor Ewart, of the Edinburgh University, suggested long ago. Then the eggs would be returned to the sea, and would be hatched without artificial aid. At present there is no close season for the sole, nor is it thought possible to prohibit trawling for three months of the year. Fish are captured just when they should be left undisturbed, and the trawling nets too often injure them so much that it would be useless to return them to the sea. The Marine Biological Association is enclosing a large piece of sea-water at Sheerness, with a view to keeping young soles till they have grown to their full size; but, as Mr. Cunningham points out, it is evident that the capture of young soles to be merely retained and killed when mature will not prevent the diminution of the numbers at large in the open sea. The chief hope seems to lie in making use of fish caught in what ought to be the close season; but for this purpose every fishing boat would need its educated and trained officer. It is a melan-

* *A Treatise on the Common Sole.* By J. T. Cunningham. Prepared for the Marine Biological Association, Plymouth. 1896.

choly fact that soles have doubled in price during the last ten years; and it is assuredly well worth while, for the sake of the community at large, as well as for fisher folk, that some little capital should be spent on the lines indicated by Mr. Cunningham.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.*

WHATEVER poetic fruits the present season may yet bring forth, be they notable or the reverse, Mr. Frederick Tennyson's new poem is alone sufficient to make the season memorable. If we admit with Keats that a long poem is a test of invention, Mr. Tennyson's volume is incontestably a fine achievement. In this epic romance of the Isles of Greece, the poet sustains a long and varied flight with remarkable buoyancy, and not less remarkable in a blank-verse poem of heroic design is the fertility of fancy that marks the poem, or the ingenuity with which the different cantos are harmonized. The scheme and execution of Mr. Tennyson's work recall very forcibly Wordsworth's remark on the sources of poetic inspiration, that the poet's art consists of the building up of greatest things from least suggestions. A series of poems, unified by an epic idea, *The Isles of Greece* was suggested, Mr. Tennyson explains, by certain fragments of verse contained in "a weird little volume" entitled *Lyrici Græci*, published in Paris in 1825. Beyond these least suggestions, the poet took note also of the "arid pages of History and Criticism," a meagre harvesting even for lovers of documents, and then did he set himself to drift before the breeze of fancy. But it is obvious to every reader of the poem that the drifting, such as it is, was not incompatible with an extremely ingenious plot of navigation, the outlines of which are laid bare in the "Introduction," every feature of which is clearly the product of studied forethought. Though the unfettered spirit of romance gives colour and life to those cantos that treat of Sappho's voyage with Anaktoria to Sicily, her acquaintance with Stesichorus at Himera, her marriage with Kerkolas of Andros, the recitals of Alcæus and his wanderings in Miletus and Chios, all the parts of the poem are unified in the epic idea that controls the lives of Alcæus and Sappho. Two generations arise before the two chief lyrists of Lesbos, long separated by cruel circumstances, interchange spiritual communion in extreme old age, when the circles of their lives, with all their stirring and pathetic associations, become orb'd in one as they witness the marriage of Kleis, the granddaughter of Sappho, with the grandson of Antimenidas, the brother of Alcæus. This happy event inspires the swan-song of Sappho. It will be readily seen, from this brief glance at the poetic "argument," that the subtitle "Sappho and Alcæus," though the poet is separated by fate and misunderstanding from the poetess, is fully justified by the crowning cantos of the poem. Almost the entire poem is in narrative form. Much of it is direct and personal, as in the spirited recitals of Alcæus and the experience of Antimenidas in the Babylonish war with Pharaoh Necho. Some of the narrative, again, is descriptive, and designed to connect intervals of time between the more salient incidents in the action of the poem. But much more is of a purely reminiscent cast, as in the charming recollections of Sappho's childhood and youth in the first book, and her meditations of the past in age, that are found in the last cantos.

The poet, it has been well observed, is never old. The same exaltation of tone marks alike Sappho's recollections of her Lesbian home and her meditations in old age. The glory of youth finds the happiest expression in this pretty picture of herself:—

A wild-eyed child,
Strong-hearted; and she sings unto herself,
Pausing at times, to listen to the lark
Right overhead, breasting the silver streams
At morn, half in the April splendours drowned;
And she, half hidden in tall grass and flowers,
Plucks them in glee, and piles them on her head;
And plays at hide and seek with the peeping sun,
Returning laugh for laugh as he looks thro'
Her odorous bower.

Delightful, also, is this glimpse of her childish sports with Atthis on the shore:—

But when we saw
'Twas morning, we ran down unto the sands,
Just as we rose from sleep, with dizzy eyes,
And loose hair, and the silver ripples kissed
Our naked feet, ere well we were awake.
What cities built we on the sheeny shore;
What fenced gates and citadels and towers,
Calling them by the great heroic names!
What rivers led we round about the walls
Sluic'd from the sea, that to our fancies seem'd
An idle thing, for that we had not made!
Here was a Sigeum, here Scamander; here
The crested height of windy Pergamos.

The light and warmth and ecstasy that possess her, as the quickening influences of poetry thrive with her growth, are most admirably painted, and we are fain to quote the beautiful passages that describe Sappho's first awakening, her vision of Apollo, her appeal to Terpsander after the vision. But we must pass on to note Mr. Tennyson's treatment of the most popular episode of the

Sapphic legend. The unrequited love for Phaon is accepted as fabulous, and the legend of Phaon as a version of the Myth of Adonis. We do not altogether like the suggestion that Sappho was impelled to the Leucadian steep in an attack of brain-fever. But Mr. Tennyson's poetic handling of the incident is infinitely more satisfactory than the suggestion promises. The canto descriptive of the poetess distracted by the Eumenides is, indeed, both persuasive and finely imagined. When once again reason returns, and Nature is "as a new-born child" to her, she meets Erinna—

Oh! what a brow, what awful eyes were hers!
'Twas Hera flashing from her midnight orbs
The soul of Pallas like a star:

—and the counsel of Erinna in her heart is like dew on the scorched herb. Voyaging to Himera with Anaktoria, she meets the poet Tisias, "whom men call Stesichorus," who recalls unconsciously her old unhappy distraction, by reciting the pathetic story of the love-lorn Calyce, a story that reflects her own woe. Far do they wander with Kerkolas, the captain of their ship and the Ulysses of the young poetess, visiting Egypt—"and why not," asks Mr. Tennyson, "while they are about it?"—till the heart of Sappho is moved to rapture by the sight of "sacred Samos" and the many-voiced life of the Grecian isle, after a dream of wandering in Egypt,

'Mid twilight sepulchres, and scattered bones
Of the dead giants.

Then Sappho marries Kerkolas in Andros, and the first division of Mr. Tennyson's poem ends, as it begins, with Sappho as the central figure.

The poetic material of the succeeding cantos is even more diversified. Here Alcæus is less prominently the hero than is Sappho in the preceding portion. Antimenidas, his brother, and Pittacus, who leads the revolt against the tyrants who dominated Lesbos, and wars against Athens, are both actors and narrators of courageous deeds that perhaps engage the sympathy of the poetic reader somewhat to the detriment of Alcæus, the true hero of the poem. Alcæus, in truth, appears to have been conscious of a core of weakness in his nature. He shows this when he overhears and misinterprets a conversation between Sappho and Pittacus, that inspires him with the vengeful thought of conspiracy against the rule of Pittacus. But still more does he betray himself when he soliloquizes, in a manner that suggests Carlyle's comparison of the poet and the man of action, on his own influence and that of Myrsilus. Contrasted with Myrsilus the tyrant he is "a cupbearer before the brow of Jove":—

If I could win
A gentle ear to listen to my song,
Lycus, or Atthis, or Erinna—boys
Enger and faithful; girls whose faith is love—
Yet who was I? For he could brandish fate
In his volcanic arms and weld the world
According to his will; and make the tongues
Of countless others like or unlike him;
Roll acclamation as the banded seas,
That, when the strong winds are tyrannous,
Lift up their voices in a thunder song.

Mr. Tennyson's portrait of the poet, purely imaginary as it is, is yet consistent, striking, and vigorously presented. The third book of the poem, "Kleis, or the Return," is made up chiefly of the re-union of the Lesbian bards in extreme age, yet with unimpaired powers of song, as their poetic confidences, poured out during several conferences by moonlight, do convincingly attest. One of these reminiscent rhapsodies of Alcæus refers to his visit to Chios, where he heard from a descendant of Homer the story of the last days of the epic poet. The recital is full of beauties that need no indication, and is not unaffecting in parts; but we cannot but think it is too diffuse, too insistent upon details, and would gain much in effect by concentration. A little more reticence, indeed, would have enhanced the colour and life of this interesting episode. Mr. Tennyson's blank verse, which has generally a smooth flow, is here too smooth, and is certainly less pleasingly modulated than in the more animated narratives. And it may be noted, by the way, that the poet's lavish use of compound words is scarcely extenuated when too freely employed, as we feel is the case now and again, by omitting the hyphen. But a long poem is not to be scanned or examined with the microscopic attention a lyric demands. *The Isles of Greece* certainly offers to lovers of poetry the "little region to wander in" of which Keats wrote, and one which most lovers of poetry will re-visit and find their first impressions of pleasure strengthened and new delights awaiting them.

GUIDE-BOOKS FOR FRANCE.*

IN the case of a guide-book, the form in which the author's work is presented is, for obvious reasons, of special importance. A guide-book has to be carried about, to be read in trains, and consulted in streets, and ought to afford the traveller ready information on all matters about which he may fairly need help. It should, moreover, as far as possible be complete in itself; for it is a nuisance to have to take one guide-book to supply one set

* *The Isles of Greece—Sappho and Alcæus.* By Frederick Tennyson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

* *North-Eastern France; South-Eastern France; South-Western France.* 3 vols. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Author of "Paris," "Walks in Rome," &c. London: George Allen. 1892.

of wants, and another for other purposes. Now, Mr. Hare's Guides for France, though handsomely got up, are not, so far as form is concerned, so well adapted as might be for use in travelling, and they leave something to be desired in respect of completeness. They are large and heavy, and their stiff covers, strong and respectable in appearance as they are, add to their weight, and are not so suitable to guide-books as the light and flexible covers adopted by Joanne and Baedeker. On the other hand, these books are well and clearly printed, and the paper is excellent. Their worst defect is that, save for a good railway map in each volume, they have neither maps nor plans. A traveller cannot, therefore, take one of them as his sole guide; he must have his Joanne or his Baedeker (for Northern France) also with him; for it is impossible to travel intelligently without maps, or to visit a large town comfortably without a plan of it. As, however, Mr. Hare has drawn freely on M. Joanne's series, making a general acknowledgment of his indebtedness, a traveller, carrying one of these guides, and a Guide-Joanne for the same district, will find that he has a large amount of matter virtually the same in both his books. It is true that Mr. Hare's guides are written in English, yet most people who are likely to buy them must, we should imagine, be able to read a guide-book in French, and though these volumes contain much, especially in the form of extracts, not to be found in the French books, many will probably hesitate before taking another guide in addition to the indispensable Guide-Joanne. At home every traveller will enjoy, as we have enjoyed, looking through Mr. Hare's volumes; for they contain a vast number of pretty woodcuts from sketches made by the author. As far as our knowledge goes of the subjects portrayed, these illustrations are truthful, and the cutting is generally well executed. The plan on which these guides are written is plain enough; the main lines of railway form the principal divisions, and the routes along them are described in ordinary type, smaller type being employed for the places lying off them, and for all excursions from them.

The information as to hotels is about as full as in the Guides-Joanne, much less full, that is to say, than in Baedeker's guides, but, we think, sufficient for the wants of people likely to use these books, who will scarcely need to be told of second- and third-rate accommodation in places where better may be had. As far as our experience extends, we generally agree with what is said on this subject, though we think that the Grand Hôtel at Angers is hardly treated; if it is rather gorgeous, it is at the same time perfectly comfortable, and we cannot understand why any one should call it expensive. In his preface to the series in his *North-Eastern France* Mr. Hare treats of the discomforts, real and imaginary, of which travellers in France are apt to complain; and, while giving his readers some sensible exhortations as to temper and manners, is, we think, unjust to the *commis-voyageur*, whom he considers generally offensive, and to whose baleful presence he ascribes some of the worst features of hotels not frequented by English tourists. For our part, we have almost invariably found *commis-voyageurs* unobtrusive and obliging; we have met several of them who were interested in the history and antiquities of the country, and have often been indebted to them for acts of courtesy, and more than once for recommendations to hotels where we have fared well, as well as for useful hints as to food and wines. Here and there Mr. Hare might offer more help as to the means of getting about. While it is often quite true that a carriage from your hotel is the best means of making an excursion, it may happen that a man, specially if travelling alone, would rather go by a public conveyance at a cost of 2 fr. 50 c. than pay 15 fr. for a carriage; and any one with this desire will grumble at not finding in his guide-book that he may, for example, visit Fontevraud from Saumur very comfortably by a diligence which carries the mails. About matters of to-day Mr. Hare tells us but little. When describing a town he does not state its population, is very brief about its industries, and does not give certain bits of information which we have often been thankful to find elsewhere, as to the position of the Post Office, the tariff for *voitures de place*, and the like. He has, however, a most convenient plan of taking objects of interest in topographical order, and of noting how the tourist should pass from one to the other. His architectural remarks, apart from those which he has extracted from the works of writers of repute, are, we think, very fair as far as they go, though they seem to us to lack the power of comparison, and the force and freshness which distinguish the observations of a master. He is better on large and famous buildings than on those which, though architecturally interesting, are less well known. Quotations fill much space in all his volumes; he gleans copiously from many authors, and particularly from Viollet-le-Duc, Prosper Mérimée, Lamartine, Michelet, and Henri Martin. As a rule he is careful to set down all that a traveller ought to see. We observe, however, that he is not quite up to date in saying that visitors are not admitted into the Castle at Angers; it used to be closed, but this year at least it has been shown as a matter of course, and it is well worth seeing. At Chinon, too, he ought to have directed the Pantagruelist to the "Cave Painete de la première ville du monde."

The historical parts of his work are decidedly the feeblest, and we cannot perhaps give a better idea of their character than by quoting from his notice of the early Counts of Anjou:—

The first Comte d'Anjou was Ingelger, adopted by the childless Comtesse du Gâtinois, the champion of whose fame he had been, and whose slanderer he had slain in a duel, for which she made him her heir. It

was his grandson, Foulques II. (le Bon) who often used the expression, "An unlettered king is a crowned ass." His son Geoffroi Grise Gonnelle, who styled himself "Count of Anjou by the grace of God and the favour of Gesberge [sic] his mother," is said to have killed a Danish giant under the walls of Paris.—*South-Western France*, p. 133.

Every one who knows Angevin history will agree with us that, if Mr. Hare had nothing more worth reading to say about these Counts, he might have filled his page more profitably with other matters. A little further on we find the oddly expressed statement that "the lofty and romantic Foulques V."—Fulk happens to have been a wary politician of practical aims as well as a restless soldier—"betrothed his daughter Matilda to Etheling son of Henry I." Does Mr. Hare think that the present heir-apparent to the throne was christened Prince? Etheling was drowned, and then "Foulques married his son Geoffroi to the princess [sic] Matilda." Mr. Hare's notions about titles in the twelfth century are certainly somewhat mixed. No doubt it is due to a misprint that we find that 150 Jews were burnt on an island in the Vienne, opposite Chinon, in 1381; the burned Jews numbered 160, and the burning took place in 1321. If Mr. Hare had not depended quite so much on his Guide-Joanne when writing about Chinon, if for example he had when there studied the admirable little treatise *Chinon et ses Monuments* by M. de Cougny, he would perhaps have told his readers the position of the ancient Jewry, still marked by the name of the Rue d'Enfer. He does not mention that Chinon was taken and retaken in 1562, though a guide-book should, we think, always note when a town has changed hands in war. Another strange misprint will be found with reference to the Château de Candiac, "the birthplace of the Marquis de Montcalm, killed before Quebec, September 14, 1712." This is a jumble, for Montcalm was born on February 29, 1712, and died of course on September 14, 1759. At Vézelay Mr. Hare has nothing to say about Becket; at Lavaur he fails to notice that the place is memorable as the scene of a hideous tragedy during the Albigensian Crusade; at Pamiers we are left without any mention of Montfort's Parliament. Concerning some other Southern towns, however, such as Béziers and Carcassonne, the tourist will find sufficient information. The perfunctory manner in which Mr. Hare deals with historical events may be illustrated by his treatment of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. In both instances he simply supplies extracts apparently from Johnes's translation of Froissart with some trifling verbal differences. His extract referring to Poitiers does not contain any of the incidents of the battle; it is mainly the account of the supper given in the evening by the Prince, and an unscholarly liberty is taken with the text in representing Froissart as using the term the "Black Prince," which he certainly never did. In the case of the battle of Poitiers Mr. Hare has neglected a fine opportunity; for the ground offers many hints as to the disposition and movements of the armies. Mr. Maunde Thompson, in his edition of Geoffrey le Baker—to say nothing of certain French writers in the *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*—has shown how far the accounts of the battle given in most of our popular histories are from the truth. If Mr. Hare by careful examination of the ground and the use of authorities, either original or second-hand, had tried to write something which would have enabled those using his guidance to have an intelligent pleasure in visiting the field of battle, he would have raised his *South-Western France* to a higher place in our estimation.

THE DEMONIAK.*

THE *Demoniak* is a painful and dramatic story, and the feelings are wrought up to so intense a pitch of interest, that we could have heartily wished the *dénouement* had been different. Mr. Besant might have dedicated his very original fantasia in fiction to the Temperance Societies, though we question whether the doctors would confirm his diagnosis of an unprecedented case of demoniacal possession, and a phenomenal example of heredity in vice. If the facts are strange, the *motif* is simple. George Atheling has everything to make life happy, with the brilliant promise of an unclouded future. He has a magnificent physique, an iron constitution, an ample fortune, and exceptional talents. He is reading for honours at Oxford, he dreams of high distinction in political life, and, moreover, he is engaged to a charming girl. He drinks moderately like other men, but has never been tempted to indulge to excess. One fateful night he goes to bed as usual. No kindly angel warned him that a malignant demon was squatting on his pillow. But from that night dated his possession by a demon he could in no wise cast out. He woke towards the small hours with a raging thirst, threw himself on the contents of his spirit bottles, and wallowed in strong liquors till he lay like a hog. These bursts of bestial craving came in triplets and recurred periodically every two months. It was clearly a case of possession, because he had lost all self-control, and when he remembered that one of his grandfathers had been given to drink, he resigned himself to despair; like gout the disease of drunkenness had broken out in the second generation, and like gout, in spite of remedies or palliatives, it must have its way. Thenceforth, there is a pitiful tale of the

* *The Demoniac*. By Walter Besant. "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual." Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1890.

gradual degradation of a noble nature as the sense of its abject humiliation becomes intolerable. Atheling renounces his betrothed, changes his name, and sinks to the obscurity he seeks in a lower level of society. He has failed in sundry half-hearted attempts at self-cure, but he has better luck than he deserves, and benignant Providence gives him another chance. He has married a somewhat vulgar wife, but Nettie is simple-minded and devoted to him. She discovers the secret he has successfully hidden from her; she is shocked by the loathsome sight of her husband in one of his debauches; but love gets the better of disgust; she resolves to save him if she can, and she has found a powerful ally. There is a most thrilling scene where Atheling is prepared—partly by her loving prayers, partly by friendly constraint—for his momentous attempt to get the better of the Devil. The struggle is terrible; the wife sits praying and wrestling with Heaven as she holds the hand of her writhing and tortured husband; but the battle is won, and their gratitude is great. Both count pretty confidently on winning the next fight. And so they might and could had over-confidence not undone them.

There is some comedy to relieve the pathos of a melancholy story, and a good deal of satire or cynicism. Atheling has been unfortunate in stumbling on a Mephistopheles, the incarnation of mean and sinister cunning, who, making his profit of his master's ruin and wretchedness, is always holding a candle to the familiar demon. There is a comical account of how the inebriate went a voyage round the world in the charge of two rising young doctors; how he hoodwinked and tricked them by the help of Mephistopheles; and of how they proposed to give the medical world a scientific treatise on an unprecedented example of the simulation of the symptoms of intoxication in the absence of all fermented liquors. There is a still more comical description of the ways of living and thinking of Nettie's vulgar connexions, and there is a cynical climax when three of the nearest of them simultaneously answer an advertisement for the discovery of her husband, in the hope of pocketing the reward for—as they fancy—handing a skulking criminal over to justice.

THE MYOLOGY OF THE RAVEN.*

THIS is an extraordinary book, which does not call for criticism here, but merely for brief notice. It would require a treatise as lengthy and as elaborate as itself to deal properly with a volume which, in 328 pages, never ceases to discuss the muscular structure of a single bird. The preface states, what we can well believe, that there had never until now been published any work devoted entirely to the muscles of a single species of the class *Aves*. We do not know who Mr. Schufeldt is; he does not describe himself as a member of any Society or University. The book looks to us like an exaggerated specimen of the essay for a doctor's degree which is now required by several American academic bodies. The extreme abstruseness of Mr. Schufeldt's subject is not lightened by his singularly unhappy style, of which we may give this example:—

At the present time, when the study of the structure of animals is becoming far more general, as one of the most efficient aids to observation and mental training, than it was so considered a number of years ago, books of the class which your author has here endeavoured to produce come to be very useful. . . . And it was to fill this so important a gap, as the lack of a suitable volume devoted to the muscular system of birds, that the writer undertook an exhaustive study of the muscles of the Raven.

A great book all about the muscles of a single bird, written in such English as this, is not an easy fortress to storm. It is like one of those ferny and thorny nooks in the middle of great ploughed fields, which Mr. Hardy has described as being the most solitary places in the world, because no one will undertake the toil of tramping out to them. The attitude of "your author" to those who have preceded him in ornithological investigation is unusual. He says:—

Frequently an author as he closes his prefatory remarks finds that he has a host of helpful friends to whom his thanks are due for assistance rendered; it proves to be the exception in the present instance, for all of the material used was collected by myself; all the dissections were made by myself; all the descriptions are in my own handwriting; and the drawings were all drawn directly from the dissections by myself.

In the face of so much independent industry it seems ungracious to hint that in all probability the only reader he will ever have will be himself. Doubtless, however, if the measurements and technical details are as exact as they appear to be, *The Myology of the Raven*, if it has few readers, will be referred to by many students. We are glad to find that Mr. Schufeldt can speak very favourably of the anatomy of the tail of the raven. He closes his chapter on "the musculature of the trunk" by this quaint sentence:—

A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince us that all those varied movements, so essential to the feathery rudder of this black avian knight, can be executed to a nicety by this wonderfully complete musculature of his caudal extremity.

Mr. Schufeldt writes from Takoma, D.C., U.S.A. His book contains seventy-six diagrams and a copious bibliography. If you wish to know how the interpleurapophysial membrane is

attached to the tendinous extremities of the digitations of the serratus magnus anticus muscle, or to grasp the relation of the accessory femoro-caudal muscle and the obturator externus to the sciatic artery, this volume offers an unprecedentedly excellent opportunity for gaining that information. But it would not be correct to describe *The Myology of the Raven* as agreeably written.

HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.*

GRAPHOLOGY is a favourite amusement, although it is rather a dangerous one when too much credit is given to the guesses of the amateur. This second little book by the author on the same subject is put forward as a grammar of graphology. It is illustrated with specimens of handwriting—good, bad, and indifferent—both from French and English sources. The writer seems to be right on the whole in connecting the science of graphology with the art of chiromancy, as the hand is generally used for writing. The celebrated man without arms, who wrote with his feet, and the still more unfortunate being who had neither arms nor legs, but produced the most marvellously fine calligraphy with a pen placed between his lips, must be counted as the exceptions that prove the rule. People are unfortunately prone to find grammars exasperating which, like learned people, are so very sure and certain of themselves that there is no space left for ordinary folk beside them. This grammar is arranged like a dictionary in alphabetical order, which completes the patient student's difficulties; for unless he has already settled what traits he wishes to find, he cannot turn them up, and when he has done so they never seem to fit the new specimen. "Affection" begins the book, claiming looped letters and a sloping hand for its own. "Tenderness" claims them too, but that is a long way on, and perhaps affection overlooks the presumption of tenderness. Where the examples are not named it is impossible to judge, but the author has forgotten that fashion has slanted handwritings quite as often as affection. At present the tendency is to upright hands, yet we do not think the best qualities of human nature have died out with this change.

It is interesting to find Mr. Gladstone's hand placed simply under the heading of Logic, while the description in full is reserved for the Appendix, where his writing is said to show *finesse* and temper, and many other qualities, so that it might have been properly inserted in a dozen more alphabetical places. Lord Tennyson, Lord Lytton, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Longfellow are given as specimens of poetic feeling, whilst Browning comes in much earlier as the representative of the intelligent hand—especially of poetic intelligence. Are we to infer the absence of poetic intelligence in the former and of poetic feeling in the latter? Too much stress is laid upon very ordinary writings. The author has given a few specimens of letters taken separately, which is the only intelligible way of testing their character. Two or three can be easily verified, the rest are doubtful. There is no notice of the fact that people always have a special manner of writing those capitals that form their own initials. An entertaining chapter on "Contradictions" shows observation and some penetration. It has not been forgotten that many handwritings are assumed, and we are warned that we cannot judge the character unless we get a specimen of the "natural" handwriting. The book is certainly amusing, if not particularly instructive. To make it complete, the author should have kindly furnished his own portrait, the lines on his hands, and an example of his "natural" handwriting.

NOVELS.†

GOLDEN LIVES is a book which takes one by surprise in many respects. It is in one volume and its price is a guinea, from which dual fact we perceive that Mr. Wicks has a "guid conceit o' himself" and the courage of his critical estimate. Also, the novel is profusely illustrated. It contains over a hundred pictures not destitute of merit. This leads us to suppose that Mr. Wicks dissents from the doctrine, which most novel-writers are believed to cherish, that every reader of a novel should be allowed to derive his own impressions about the characters and be quite unhampered by the opinions of anybody else. This audacity helps us to a good opinion of Mr. Wicks, and our pleasure with *Golden Lives*, in its superficial aspects, has not been turned to grief by a perusal of its pages. We cannot say much for the plot. Indeed, the plot has an unsophisticated simplicity of melodrama which would make the pit in the Adelphi feel that it was being indifferently treated. Mr. Wicks's characters are

* *How to Read Character in Handwriting; or, the Grammar of Graphology described and illustrated.* By Henry Frith. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

† *Golden Lives: the Story of a Woman's Courage.* By Frederick Wicks. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1890.

The Sign of Four. By A. Conan Doyle. London: Spencer Blackett. 1890.

A Bride from the Bush. By Ernest W. Hornung. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.

Golden Bullets: a Story in the Days of Akbar and Elizabeth. By William W. Ireland, M.D. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. 1890.

* *The Myology of the Raven (Corvus corax sinuatus): a Guide to the Study of the Muscular System in Birds.* By R. W. Schufeldt. London: Macmillan & Co.

severely conventional. They are Mr. Crawley Foyle, in the City and in the House of Commons, a tyrannical satire upon the ambitions of the middle-class person with a genius for "affairs"; Mr. David Thresher, who is a partner in Mr. Foyle's firm, loves Mr. Foyle's daughter, and so much detests Mr. Foyle's dirty tricks of commerce that a scrupulous conscience lands him in a rupture of his engagement at the very beginning of the book; Mr. Joshua Cope, another partner of Mr. Foyle, about whom we say without fear of contradiction that he is the most sordid and unscrupulous old ruffian to whom any latter-day romanticist has introduced us; Mr. Joseph Eales, a lawyer whom Mr. Wicks actually credits with possessing the milk of human kindness; a blundering detective; other characters of the same class too numerous to mention; and Miss Foyle herself, the woman of courage, whom we had almost overlooked in our sincere effort to make a complete roll-call of Mr. Wicks's *dramatis personæ*. As may be imagined from even a momentary consideration of our brief catalogue of her oppressors, she has a trying part to play. If she were a fatherless and brotherless beauty in love with a constable in "New Tipperary," she would not be in a plight worse than that in which we find her at the dinner-party of rascals with which Mr. Wicks's drama really opens. Mr. Cope is jealous of Mr. Thresher, who, of course, is a young Adonis; Mr. Cope has a hold over Mr. Foyle, who is in a desperate way financially; Adonis has to quit the long firm, and to postpone his projected expedition to the altar with Miss Foyle; and she, of course, becomes the bride of Mr. Cope, who is seventy and a savage. She is the bride, that is to say, not the wife; for she has a temper of her own, and an ingenuity, resulting in a contract of marriage which makes Mr. Cope feel a very poor fool for his pains. Everything comes all right in the end. How all the happiness comes about could not be told without doing injustice to Mr. Wicks. The plot of *Golden Lives*, as we have said, is conventional; but that is so only because it deals with commonplace people moved by commonplace passions. It is developed with care, precision, and completeness. This, however, is stating the merit of the work in its more negative aspect. To write a novel the characters in which act exactly as they might in real life is an achievement; but to write a story in which, behaving themselves thus, they are constantly entertaining, is a remarkable feat. Since, to our seeming, Mr. Wicks has deliberately set himself to making a very readable romance out of very commonplace stuff, and since, also to our seeming, he has attained success, it would be unreasonable to find critical fault with him because the limitations he has imposed upon himself sometimes strike one as ill-chosen. But we may be allowed to hope that, having done much under those limitations, Mr. Wicks will presently do more without them.

The detective seems to be as vigorously perennial as the art of love. This thought is borne in upon us by the fact that *The Sign of Four* is a detective story. Sherlock Holmes is a Continental expert amateur policeman, with the keenest of eyes, and a nose like the beak of a heron; a person who observes with the speed of lightning, reasons with the accuracy of the multiplication table, and startles the Doctor, who tells the story, by predicating, after a few hours' examination and reflection, all the particulars of a mysterious murder and robbery. Mr. Holmes shows forth all the gifts of his calling in high perfection. He never sleeps when he has a case on hand; he despises the regular force as a matter of course; and he subjects his nerves to sedatives when he has no appalling mystery to unravel. His knowledge is encyclopedic even for an amateur detective; and his contempt for his friend the Doctor is measureless. He asks the Doctor what he thinks of a small bare footmark on the floor of the room in which the murdered man is found; and then amazes his friend by reading from a gazetteer a passage about the anthropology of the Andaman Islands, the people of which kill one another by blowing poisoned splinters through pea-shooters, for that was the mode of the murder. Of course, he knows everybody and can do everything. A party of which he is a member are refused admission to a house guarded by a prize-fighter, because the bruiser does not know the party; but the portals fly open when Sherlock Holmes reminds the heavy-weight of the amateur who overcame him in the ring on an occasion which the rib-smasher would fain forget. Also, the Doctor, having been sent for a mongrel of surprising scent to track down the small-footed Andaman who has conveniently stepped into some creosote lying about the murdered man's room, is threatened with an onslaught of poisonous snakes, and violently anathematized till he mentions the word "Holmes," when the spirit of conciliation becomes rampant. There is a little love-making, judiciously restrained, and an Indian murder, which is the pivot of the story.

A Bride from the Bush recounts the falling of a bombshell on the table of one of Her Majesty's judges, who is resident at Twickenham, in the shape of a letter from the son of the house announcing his return from Australia with a bride. The bride happens to be the daughter of a squatter, and the humour of the story lies in the incongruous combination of her magnificent figure and charming manners with a distressing intonation and a vulgar cast of mind. On the day of her arrival she astounds the family by asking her father-in-law at dinner whether he has tried many murder cases, and by sympathizing with him in having had to pass the death sentence frequently. Next morning she discovers a stable-boy trying to crack a whip, says she will show him what a real whip is like, and fetches her stock-whip. With

this she makes reports like the cracks of a pistol, picks a half-sovereign off the ground, spins it in the air with the thong, and, taking the judge, who appears in a tweed suit and a wideawake, to be a servant, flicks his hat off with her whip, and then, recognizing him, falls on her knees to beseech pardon. On the supposition that a woman with such natural ability could lack the skill to conceal her deficiencies, we may say that the scenes are dramatic and well put. Still, it is scarcely possible to imagine that a person capable of discussing with her mother-in-law, in the best possible taste, the immediate difficulties of her position and her anxiety to remove them, should be unable to restrain herself from outbreaks which culminated in a ringing "Coo-ee!" from Lady Bligh's carriage, in Rotten Row, within the ears of Royalty, at sight of a girl-equestrian whom she had known in the Bush. It is true that pitfalls were laid for her by a young and egotistical brother-in-law who, his vanity having been wounded by the mésalliance, had set to work to expose her failings without thinking of those who might witness the domestic humiliation. The consequences of this wretched state of affairs are dramatically set forth in the closing scenes.

Golden Bullets, a romance of the early years of the seventeenth century, has its scene in India during the ascendancy of the Portuguese colonists. The central figure is the supercargo of the British ship *Unicorn*, which was burned in the port of Surat; and the author endeavours to show forth the social state of the people of India in these comparatively early years. The story is interwoven with abounding Oriental intrigue and war. It ambles agreeably through a well-printed volume, and is a welcome variation from the ordinary platitudes of the three-volume order.

HISTORY OF CUMBERLAND.*

"THE time has gone past for writing a history of Cumberland or of any county on the old-fashioned lines and scale"—such is the observation with which Chancellor Ferguson begins his *History of Cumberland* in Mr. Elliot Stock's series of Popular County Histories, and whether the critic sorrow or rejoices over it he is not likely to dispute the accuracy of the statement. We have to-day a larger reading public than at any previous time in the history of the country, but certainly their taste does not run very strongly in the direction of those ponderous volumes wherein the local historian of the past was wont to disport himself, sometimes in a very uncritical fashion. And yet the taste for local history has not decreased; it has, on the contrary, we believe, greatly increased. But the more comprehensive view now taken of the duties of a conscientious topographer makes it impossible for one man, unless more gifted than the Admirable Crichton, to deal satisfactorily with the varied aspects that belong to a full and complete county history. For such a book, judged by the standard of the present day, would not be complete unless it dealt with the geology and physiography of the district, with its natural history, its place names, the devolution of its manors and greater honours and liberties, the rise of its industries, the progress and decay of its guilds, the annals of its corporations, ancient and modern; the architecture of its churches, castles, and halls; the biography of its famous sons and daughters, its share in the national history, and the folklore and dialect of its poorer inhabitants. It is, of course, obvious that each of these departments affords scope for almost unlimited research, and certainly for almost unlimited controversy. The historian who is fairly master of the recondite forms of the folk-speech might be a very indifferent interpreter of Roman inscriptions, and the man who could read the most crabbed and contracted of mediæval charters as though it were a printed book might fail to decipher the geological page. The county history of the future, if constructed on the old-fashioned scale, will have to be the work of a Committee of experts. Authorship by Committee is not a very promising experiment; and, even when they succeeded in producing a satisfactory history, the Committee would still have the difficulty of finding purchasers, if not readers, for their toilsome folios. The only other way is that which Chancellor Ferguson has adopted. "As to this volume," he says, "it is an attempt to discharge the functions of the 'general introduction' to an old-fashioned county history in two or three quarto volumes. How far the writer has succeeded is not for him to say." The impartial critic will have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Ferguson has done exceedingly well, and has produced a volume which is an excellent example of careful and condensed writing, especially judicious in its use of authorities and in its choice between writers who can be relied upon and writers who cannot. The lack of this power of discrimination between author and author is a frequent cause of foolish writing upon historical subjects. What little is known or can safely be inferred of prehistoric Cumberland is here set forth. Of the so-called Druidic remains it is said that they cannot possibly have been temples for climatic and other reasons. The theory adopted is that they are pre-Roman in date, and probably the work of Hiberno-Celts. Even the curious numerals used until recently for sheep scoring in the Lake District are pressed into service as probably survivals from the Celtic period. The Roman roads and other

* *The History of Cumberland*. By Richard S. Ferguson, M.A., &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

remains are dealt with at considerable length and with commendable care. The Roman Wall has a chapter to itself. It is satisfactory to find that Richard of Cirencester, that mythical person in whom some local topographers are still betrayed to put their faith, "is only mentioned here to be dismissed as a pure fabrication." The subsequent history of Cumberland in Saxon times is related, and the result of the Norman settlement in relation to the baronies, the forest, the city of Carlisle, and the Church is set out in some detail. This is followed by the record of the stormy period of the Scottish wars and of the border warfare of subsequent centuries. In 1598 there was a visitation of the plague which, in the four deaneries of Penrith, Kendal, Richmond, and Carlisle, caused the death of 8,156 persons. Nor was it an infrequent visitor. Carlisle in the Civil Wars was besieged by the Roundheads under David Leslie, who is shrewdly suspected of having delayed long enough to give the Royalists time to provision the city. The longer the siege, the more pay for him and his men. His military methods were not heroic, but they were effective. The place was invested and the supply of provisions cut off; "but," says Chancellor Ferguson, "if fuel and food were scarce, beer was not, and Dr. Basire, the Archdeacon of Cumberland, preached against the excessive drinking that went on." And, finally, when the supply of horseflesh was exhausted, the garrison surrendered upon "noble articles," which were not very strictly observed, as a great part of the nave of Carlisle Cathedral was pulled down, in spite of the promise "that no church be defaced." Again, in 1648, Carlisle passed from the Royalists to the Roundheads, this time commanded by Cromwell himself. The Stuart rebellion of 1715 found little support in the county; but in 1745 the Jacobites held the town for some time against the Duke of Cumberland, and on its capitulation the defenders were treated with a barbarity that gained execrations which cannot be said to have been entirely undeserved. Since the suppression of the Jacobite rebellion the history of Cumberland has been mainly one of mining and other industrial development. Many will read with regret Chancellor Ferguson's testimony as to the passing away of the hardy and independent race of "statesmen" who were the special product of the district.

To his flowing outline of Cumberland history Chancellor Ferguson has added notes, and given references to authorities for fuller details, and for the discussion of controverted points, and at the end there is a good bibliography, and a useful index. Altogether Ferguson's *Cumberland* may be cited as an excellent example of the new style of county history.

MR. LECKY ON IRISH HISTORY.*

(First Notice.)

AN eminent historian, drawing near to the close of a great work which in its main outlines somewhat resembled that which Mr. Lecky has completed, expressed his satisfaction that nobody could make a century contain more than a hundred years. There was thus a definite end to his toil. Mr. Lecky has not made the century with the history of which his name will long be associated contain more than a hundred years. But as regards all but one of the many topics which he surveys he has made it contain less. Ireland has the full scope of a hundred years allowed her. But as regards the other parts of the Empire, to which Mr. Lecky, with good literary sense and sound patriotism, gives the name England, not running off into Britain, or British Empire, or, still worse, into Greater Britain, he stops short with the year 1793. Mr. Lecky's century is, therefore, an elastic period, possessing—as it is, we believe, the special function of living organisms to do—expansive and contractile powers. Mr. Lecky justifies his refusal to go beyond the outbreak of the war between France and England on the ground that to do so would embark him in a period which runs deep into the nineteenth century. He does not affect to be an annalist telling the story of England's life from year to year. His history, as he conceived it from the first, and as he has through the greater part of its course constructed it—the two concluding volumes form somewhat of an exception—is one of social forces and tendencies; and he conceives that an entirely new order of causes and influences came into operation with the outbreak of the French war. In other words, the nineteenth century, in the sense in which we use the phrase, as expressive of a certain set of ideas and tendencies still operative, begins for him with the year 1793.

We have no right to find fault with Mr. Lecky for this Procrustean treatment of the century, for which a good deal may be said, and for which, indeed, he has said a good deal in his sixth volume. We are thankful for what he has given us, and must not repine at what he has withheld. But if he had chosen to extend the eighteenth century to the conclusion of the great war with France in 1815, he might have given, perhaps, as good reasons for doing so as he has done for stopping short twenty-two years earlier. If, by way of compromise, he had brought matters down to the Peace of Amiens, or its preliminaries, he would have, with tolerable exactitude, harmonized the chronology of his book with its grouping of causes and tendencies. As it is, his

history limps on two unequal legs. This is not merely a matter of form. The substance of Mr. Lecky's narrative has, in our view, been affected, and not favourably affected, by the premature close to which he has brought a part of it. If he had treated of English history, domestic and foreign, from 1793 to the close of the eighteenth or the opening years of the nineteenth century, his judgment of what took place in Ireland during these momentous seven or eight years would have conceivably, and, we think, even probably, have been somewhat different from that to which he has given the high sanction of his authority. Of course Mr. Lecky is well acquainted with that fragment of the history of England in the eighteenth century which he has refrained from writing. Incidentally account is taken of it. But the result of the varying chronological limits which he has adopted is, in our view, that Ireland is treated too exclusively from within. Mr. Lecky seems to us often to attribute to particular causes operative there movements and events which were due to general causes active in England and on the Continent as well as in Ireland. The consequence has been that his history does not altogether retain in these concluding volumes the general characteristics which marked the six that preceded them. Mr. Lecky, contrary to his own method and doctrine, exaggerates, we think, the influence upon events of Ministerial combinations, party intrigues, and personal incidents and changes. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and that of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, the rejection of Parliamentary reform in Ireland, and the refusal of the supplemental measure of Catholic Relief, will not, in our view, nor even, we think, upon his own showing, bear the stress which he lays upon them. They but accompanied, and in accompanying have veiled from most historians, and even partially from Mr. Lecky, the actions of those general forces and conditions, economic and social, of history, religion, and race, of which it is his special merit, in other parts of the work, to have a quick and accurate discernment.

Mr. Lecky, following in this matter the lead of Burke, sees in the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam the source of the myriads of evils which befel the Irish nation. Fitzwilliam had presented a Catholic Relief Bill, which added to the franchise already possessed by Roman Catholics the privilege of eligibility to the House of Commons, which was still withheld from them. It was defeated by those Castle influences in Parliament which were wielded mainly by the Beresford family, the chief of whom he had vainly endeavoured to remove from office. The recall of Fitzwilliam foreboded, Mr. Lecky says—with apparent adoption of their view—to those who knew Ireland best, nothing but ruin. It was accompanied by the rejection of Mr. Ponsonby's Reform Bill, which would have substituted a real representation, as we now understand it, for the system of nomination boroughs which made the Irish House of Commons an instrument in the hands of the "undertakers," who were to the oligarchy of that day what the wire-pullers are to modern democracy. We are unable to reconcile the grave consequences which Mr. Lecky attaches to Fitzwilliam's recall, and to the defeat of Parliamentary Reform and the project for making Roman Catholics eligible to the House of Commons, with his repeated admissions that the great mass of the community were absolutely indifferent to these changes. They had the votes, and they did not care that this or that Roman Catholic noble or squire should be eligible to Parliament. "From the day when Pitt recalled Lord Fitzwilliam, the course of her (Ireland's) history was changed." "A cloud seems to fall on the spirit of the nation which has never been removed." How are we to reconcile these sentences with the subsequent statement that, "to the overwhelming majority of the Catholic people of Ireland," the refusal of emancipation (that is, eligibility of Roman Catholics to Parliament) "was a matter of utter indifference"? Mr. Lecky adds that "a very similar remark may be made about Parliamentary Reform. To the illiterate Catholic cottiers who covered three of the four provinces of Ireland questions of this kind could have but little significance." Mr. Lecky quotes the evidence given by Emmet and McNevin before the Select Committee of 1798, the former of whom declared that Catholic Emancipation did not matter a feather, and the poor did not think of it. McNevin never said that Catholic Emancipation was not worth a thought, and both agreed that the mass of the Roman Catholics were absolutely indifferent to Parliamentary Reform, except as a step towards the abolition of tithes and the diminution of rents. How, if this description of the popular feeling be correct—and Mr. Lecky adopts it—the removal of Lord Fitzwilliam on the ground that he favoured Catholic Emancipation can have had the disastrous and enduring consequences which he attributes to it we are at a loss to conceive. The politicians made a noise about it both in England and Ireland, and they have continued to do so even to our own day; but that the measure really affected the course of Irish history seems to us more than doubtful.

Mr. Lecky expresses the opinion that, if to Catholic Emancipation and to a moderate measure of Parliamentary Reform the commutation of tithes had been added, "Ireland would probably have weathered the revolutionary storm." His belief in the efficacy of this pill for the earthquake astonishes us. We attribute it in part to the fact that, by following the history of Ireland beyond the year 1793, and stopping short at that year with the history of England at home and in her foreign relations, he has left out of account those general influences which acted upon Ireland as upon the rest of Europe. That Ireland should have remained the sole stable and orderly

* *The History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Vols. VII. and VIII. London: Longmans.

country in an era of European anarchy is a paradox which it is, perhaps, enough to state. The bases of revolt from England had been laid in the formation, in 1791, by Wolfe Tone, of the Society of United Irishmen. Although its reorganization as a treasonable Society followed Fitzwilliam's recall, yet before that event, and even before his arrival in Ireland, emissaries had been passing to and from France with a view to an invasion. In the mutual hostilities of the Defenders and the Peep-of-Day Boys in Ulster there had been for years the germ of that war of class, of race, and of religion which broke out in 1798. In France, the confiscation of Church property and of the estates of the nobles, the execution of the King, and the Reign of Terror, had taken place. In England, the publication of Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and the counterblast of Paine's *Rights of Man*, marked the outbreak of a war of opinion. Burke's rupture with Fox and his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* signalized the breaking up of traditional landmarks. With these things in the air, it seems to us to show a defective perception of the proportions of causes and effects to contend that the removal of the Fitzwilliam fly from the wheel of the Government coach was provocative of the Irish Rebellion. Nor is it fair to attribute sinister motives to the measures of repression which Pitt sanctioned in Ireland. As he dealt with Ireland so he dealt with England. Favourable to Parliamentary Reform in principle, he opposed it on the ground of temporary inexpediency in the one country as in the other. He resisted the repeal of the Tests Act in England on the ground on which he resisted the small measure needful to complete Catholic Emancipation in Ireland; and the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, the Seditious Meetings Act, the Alien Act, the Traitorous Correspondence Act, and other measures of repression adopted in England, with the trials of Muir and Palmer in Scotland, and of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thirlwall in Westminster, showed that, rightly or wrongly, Pitt dealt on the same principles with the two countries. The revolutionary ferment was common to both. Mr. Lecky's idea that small and moderate reforms would have extinguished it in Ireland is due, we believe, to the fact that he has detached his study of Ireland during the last seven years from any more general study of the condition of England and of her relation to European politics. That story is in itself very minute and interesting, and, through the correspondence in the Irish State Paper Office to which he has had access, Mr. Lecky throws much light upon places hitherto dark. The chapters in these volumes which deal with the condition of Ireland during, and in the years immediately preceding, the rebellion have that sort of documentary authenticity which gives its value to M. Taine's *Origènes de la France Contemporaine*, and leave us amazed at Mr. Lecky's adoption, partial and hesitating though it is, of the recall of Fitzwilliam theory of the Irish Rebellion.

POCKET BOOKS OR POCKET-BOOKS? *

THE word pocket-book is a vague one, but most people will agree that it generally means something with some kind of cover, containing a greater or less amount of provision for MS. to be supplied by the owner. In this sense the five ludicrous little volumes we have received, under the title of *Pascoe's Illustrated Pocket-Books*, are not pocket-books at all. They are little volumes in cardboard covers, each containing over 100 pages and measuring rather more than five inches by four. They have, indeed, pictures—ugly pictures, highly coloured and sticky, and so contrived as to present exactly the appearance of the "transferable pictures" which children buy upon a sheet, and leave stuck upon windows, wall-papers, or furniture, which accident or design may have sacrificed to their artistic ambition. Also—which is still more reprehensible—the pictures are exactly the same in each of the five little books, though one purports to be a handbook to London, one to Warwickshire, one to the places between London and Paris, one to Brighton, and one to Hastings and Eastbourne. The same spirit of economy has caused several pages of letterpress, occurring here and there in the volumes, to be exactly the same in each of the books. Some of them—e.g. one about English "Hotels in General"—are the author's own, others are collections of "proverbs," and petty gleanings from the works of Leigh Hunt, some one called "Wm. E. Channing," and so forth.

The information which these little books contain is scanty, capricious, and to some extent delusive. Charing Cross is, in the author's opinion, the centre of London for practical purposes. "Westward, we have the Wealth and Aristocracy of the capital. Eastward, Poverty and Democracy commingle." No doubt the neighbourhood of the Strand and Fleet Street is poverty-stricken, though we have some reasons for believing that many of the owners of house property thereabouts still think it worth while to collect what paltry rents they are able to wring from the unhappy beings who try to do business in their tenements. But even in these bad days one would hardly have thought Cheapside, Threadneedle Street, Cannon Street, and the adjoining thoroughfares exactly suggestive of grinding indigence, and they are indubitably east of Charing Cross. "Within

easy walk of Charing Cross itself" you may find "the famous Hyde Park Promenade." Will it be believed that Mr. Pascoe gives no more explicit directions for finding the promenade, and does not mark it on his map? It is too tantalizing. Why will not guide-book makers reveal to residents in London the whereabouts of these exciting resorts, in which mere casual visitors take so much pleasure? Where is the Hyde Park Promenade? Can it be anything in Victoria Park?

The American Roads through England sounds an awful title. The phrase, when rightly understood, is not so bad as it looks. It means those English roads (principally railways) of which Americans make most use. These are the North-Western Railway, from Liverpool to London and from Chester to Crewe (if the passenger has got out at Queenstown), most of the Midland, nearly all the Great Western, and the South-Western through Exeter to Plymouth. Also every road, lane, and path in Warwickshire, over which agreeable and deserving county the American tourist is asserted to have cast out his shoe in a manner calculated to awaken our warmest sympathy. In the Eastbourne and Hastings volume Mr. Pascoe's matter seems to have failed him, and he quotes at large from the more gloomy parts of Mr. J. R. Lowell's satirical verse. The introductory paragraph to this throws some little light on the *raison d'être* of the whole series. The volumes are designed for tourists who "look about for some little hints as to how they may best employ their leisure and make the best of a brief holiday. To meet their wants alone is the sole purpose of publishing them." Besides, "A Pocket-book is a Pocket-book, neither more nor less; and perhaps the sole merit of this one is that it is more novel and prettier than the majority of the publications of its class." If there is really a class of such publications as these, we should have to see some other specimens of the class before we could concur in the compiler's statement as to its comparative prettiness. Novelty, of course, is not necessarily meritorious. Each of the volumes concludes with a view from behind, in silhouette, of two men in pot-hats—one short and fat, the other not so short and not so fat. They may be an allegory, or they may be portraits, or they may be an advertisement.

THE GONCOURT JOURNALS.*

IT is not with art and letters, but with war and revolution, the siege of Paris, the rise and fall of the Commune, that the new volume, the first of the second series, of M. Edmond de Goncourt's *Journal* is chiefly occupied. The record opens towards the end of June 1870, a week after the death of the author's brother, and is carried on to the last day of 1871, in an almost unbroken day-by-day chronicle. The whole of this exciting and harassing time was spent for the most part between Auteuil and Paris, the days in visits to M. Burty and other friends, the evenings generally in dinners at Brébant's with Saint-Victor, Renan, Charles Blanc, Neffzer, Charles Edmond, Gautier, Berthelot, and many more. These gatherings did not wholly cease when the bombardment was hottest, and even in the worst days of anarchy, when it was reported the Versailles troops had been beaten by the National Guard, four of the party managed to dine *chez Brébant* and discuss the situation. Something like snatching a fearful joy dignified these convivial meetings when supplies of gas and oil ran short, or when the tyranny of the Commune grew with the growing year. Not the less, however, did M. Renan declaim, on the *sentiment de la patrie*, on his great thesis that "we had no writers," or on the virtue that lies in the Bismarckian doctrine, *La force prime le droit*, while he quoted the Prophets, major and minor, in support of his liberal rhetoric. No one believed in any man or in any thing, the last new saviour of society, or the last new scheme for deliverance from the Prussians. Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, Thiers, were all alike scouted by the philosophic circle *chez Brébant*, were all declared to be infected with the *monomanie de sauver la France*. When General Vinoy succeeded Trochu, some one asked, "What is he going to do?" and the answer was, "He will do nothing; *il ne fait le gendarme*." During the first two months of the siege things went tolerably well with the besieged. It was mere jesting compared with what the New Year brought, as an early entry of the diarist indicates. When the investment of Paris was complete, and the bombardment settled down into regular daily practice, there were distractions enough for men of letters and leisure in studying the defence operations, or visiting the Bois de Boulogne and the village beyond, to spy the Prussians at work at St. Cloud. Here one wet Sunday, in the middle of October 1870, all Paris was assembled hard by the entrance to the village of Boulogne, viewing the enemy through field-glasses appearing and disappearing like so many mice in the distance under the fire of the francs-tireurs hidden along the edge of the river. "Umbrellas down!" was the cry of the small boy whose share of the spectacle was spoiled. Here, at the Mortemart battery, among the crowd on another day were MM. Jules Ferry, Pelletan, and Rochefort.

The pages of the *Journal* are full of striking pictures of Paris during these moving times; vivid sketches of the overflowing markets, tumultuous streets, the curious crowds where the

* *Pascoe's Illustrated Pocket-Books*—London in Little; *The American Roads through England*; *The Roads from Paris to London*; Brighton; Eastbourne and Hastings. Compiled by Charles Eyre Pascoe. London: Hazell, Watson, & Viney.

* *Journal de Goncourt*. Deuxième série. Premier volume. 1870-71. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1890.

row of shot and shell was most furious, the mob applauding Tony Reveillon and Citizen Quentin, prematurely howling for the Commune. By the middle of winter the sight of the bombardment was a successful competitor with the theatres. "Nos femmes nous ont abandonnés, ce soir," some one was overheard to complain. "Ma foi, tant mieux," was the reply; "nous irons voir le Panthéon, le bombardement!" Nothing could be less suggestive of the monotonous existence popularly believed to be the portion of besieged folk than the feverish activity, the keen observation, the unsatisfied spirit of inquiry and curiosity revealed by M. de Goncourt's daily notes of life in Auteuil and Paris. Nothing seems to escape him, be it fact or rumour. Sleep was scarce possible, reading impossible, and writing by no means always easy. The besieged met at the Café Brébant merely to have news all round. On the 10th of January somebody entertained the company by describing the terrible rain of shells on the Luxembourg, and on the previous night Saint-Victor, frightened by a falling bomb in the Place Sulpice, fled from his rooms in the Rue de Furstemberg, and M. Renan was, from the same cause, forced to migrate to a new quarter. Yet two days later, in the bombarded districts there is no sign of panic or terror. Waiters remove and replace the glasses broken by the explosion of shells, and everybody appears to pursue his way of living as usual. Stories of strange food, of course, abound. At Brébant's the *plat du jour* had been supplanted by the *plat extraordinaire*. A soldier is overheard to observe to his comrade, "Pour moi, ce qui m'attend là, c'est une *fricassée de pain sec*!" During a most unappetizing discussion one evening on M. Brébant's menu between Saint-Victor and Neffzer on the merits of a fine *selle de chien*, which the latter declared tasted like a *mélange* of pork and partridge, M. Renan turned pale, then green, and flinging his portion under the table, left the unnatural feast in haste. A curious experience is related of himself by M. de Goncourt, which seems to show a latent belief in metempsychosis. Not having the courage to go to Paris, and having nothing to eat, he shot a blackbird for dinner in his garden at Auteuil. Then it chanced, why or how he knew not, that the bird on the dinner-table, whose singing days he recalled when he was wont to whistle every evening on a sycamore close to the house, and then vanish into the night, became associated with the memory of his brother, and the fantastic thought possessed him that the spirit of his brother Jules had passed into the bird, "cet oiseau de deuil de l'air." And the fear of this held him obstinately the whole evening.

But all the fightings without and the disquiet within Paris appear to have given keen zest to the discussion of the politics of the moment at the *Symposia* at the Café Brébant. That the Republic is impossible was the conclusion of all. "La blague, toujours la blague! c'est de cela que nous mourons, plus que de toute chose, et je suis flatté d'avoir été le premier à l'écrire." This outburst was provoked by a boastful young journalist, and elsewhere in the volume the author's old enmity to the political press is expressed in simpler and stronger terms. There is some debate as to the madness of Trochu, who had been styled, by Bauer, an Ollivier on horseback. A good story is told by some one present at one of these gatherings of Emmanuel Arago, who had spoken to him of a certain surprise that had been contrived for the Prussians. Naturally he thought of Greek fire, or something of the kind. But no, it was a far simpler plan:—"When the Prussians enter Paris, they will find no Government with whom they can treat, for we shall have withdrawn ourselves!" Under the date 12th February, 1871, Théophile Gautier is described as lodging in a small attic, Rue de Beaune, with his cats about him, "des chats maigres, des chats de famine, des ombres de chats." "Théo est là, en bonnet rouge, à cornes véniennes, dans un veston de velours," looking like a Doge in distress, a melancholy Marino Faliero. Occasional glimpses we have of Zola, Victor Hugo, Arsène Houssaye, and Flaubert. Interesting as these literary recollections are, far more remarkable are the exceedingly vivid pictures of life under the Commune and during the Siege—pictures that in all pictorial elements are marvellously strong, admirable in colour and life, and not less admirable at times by reason of the dramatic spirit that inspires them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SOME thirty years ago the *Saturday Review*—which, having a touch of humanity in it, sometimes, though rarely, makes mistakes—made a great one about M. Théodore de Banville's charming *Odes Funambulesques*. But the children's teeth are, as we know on the best authority, not necessarily set on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes; and we take particular pleasure in repairing that ancestral blunder ament *Sonnailles et clochettes* (1). These dainty poems are only occasional verses; their accomplished and veteran author offers them as nothing more. But they are such occasional verses as not half a dozen men now living in Europe could write if they would. Of M. de Banville it may be said, varying a little the stately praise arrogated to himself by the man to whom David Copperfield had to give up the box-seat, that "there aint no sort of rhyme that he aint master of, nor no sort of rhythm." The French poetical language, as tough if as flexible as gutta-percha, moulds itself at his touch

into any possible shape; and though its harmonies are usually as limited as they are delicate, echoes at his voice any possible sound. Nor is his meaning by any means so trivial as it is his pleasure to make it look. He is no haunter of grave and precise companies; yet the bitterness of the satire on "Le Moderne," which derives that respectable entity from St. Anthony's pig, is pretty strong; and he is never tired of singing, as he sang many years ago, "how poor Rothschild is," how destitute of joy is the immense apparatus and the deliberate merrymaking of modern amusement. He can at one moment rhyme "et qu'aux" to "échos," and, more pyramidally still, "Philis teints" to "Philistins." He can associate with the somewhat loosely-girt muse of M. Catulle Mendès, and celebrate the expensive, but by no means exclusive, charms of Emma and Lila; yet one constantly comes across in him verse of the true "marmoreal" stamp like this:—

Un grand souffle court dans les bois
Et sur les cimes éternelles;
J'entends parler toutes les voix
Et frissonner toutes les ailes.

Le rythme chante, inassouvi,
Le brouillard déchire ses gazes,
Et nous suivons d'un oeil ravi
Le vol effrayant des Pégases.

It is rather curious that while French is not, as they say and as one must confess, a specially poetical language, there are few in which poetry and non-poetry are more clearly marked off from each other by the mere sound of the words and verse.

M. Anatole France is hardly inferior as a writer of French prose to M. de Banville as a writer of French verse, and he has hit, in the style which he began in *Balthazar* and now continues in *Thais* (2), on a style very suitable to the display of his powers. It is an odd and rather daring mixture of Voltaire and Flaubert—as if some one had undertaken for a wager to combine the characteristics of *Le taureau blanc* and *Saint Julien l'hospitalier*. Perhaps his present venture is a little long for the peculiar manner. Paphnutius, a monk of the Thebaid, is possessed with a desire, possibly from mixed motives, to convert Thais, a famous Alexandrian courtesan. His success in this enterprise is Pyrrhic, for he succeeds in converting Thais; but we leave him in something very like a state of reprobation, as far as he is himself concerned. Let us hope that the prayers of the soul he had saved covered his own lapse—a charitable wish in which, however, M. France does not, we must confess, give us much encouragement. We have said that the story is rather long for the style. It is especially prolonged by a sort of compromise between a philosophical symposium and a pagan orgy to which Thais takes Paphnutius, and which, culminating on one side in mere crapulousness, on the other in the suicide of an aged Stoic, who prefers the "open door," has much to do with the conversion of the beautiful neophyte. It, therefore, cannot be said to be otiose, but it is very long. Still, M. France's style is so excellent, that the *longueurs* are not perceived so forcibly as they otherwise might be, and even the rather hard measure dealt to Paphnutius loses something of its severity from the same cause.

According to our invariable rule about M. Fortuné du Boisgobey, we say nothing more about *Le chêne capitaine* (3) than that here is more Fortuné. The admirers of that viand will not want to know more than the assertion of the *réclame*, that it is "of the most pure, of the most curious, of the most exquisite Parisianism." Let them fall to! M. Lucien Biart's book (4) deals with his beloved Mexico, and forms part of that "Nouvelle collection Charpentier" which is warranted for general, and yet not prepared simply for *ingénue*, reading.

M. Jouaust's beautiful single-play edition of Molière has now reached its ninth part, containing the charming little *Impromptu de Versailles* (5), where Molière's astonishing faculty appears, perhaps, as clearly as in any of his most ambitious works, where we learn more about Molière himself and his company than hundreds of folios could teach us, and where is that immortal exchange of conjugal compliments, "Taisez-vous, ma femme; vous êtes une bête"; and "Grand merci, monsieur mon mari, vous ne m'auriez pas dit cela il y a dix-huit mois."

M. de Larmoyer's *Practical French Grammar* (and, indeed, such a thing has been the cause of many tears) (Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) is of the old kind of lesson and exercise style, with notes in assistance. It is not a bad style; whether it is better than others or not we give no opinion. The fact is that there are only three ways of learning a language. If you want to speak it, speak it; if you want to read it, read it; if you want to write it, write it; if you want to do all three, do all three. You may vary these rules *ad infinitum* without much harm, but you will never improve on them. Mr. Stedman's *Easy French Exercises* (London: Methuen) will no doubt also be useful.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

GUSTAV FREYTAG'S *Reminiscences of My Life*, translated, in two volumes, by Katherine Chetwynd (White & Co.), thoroughly merits the skill and care bestowed upon it by the translator, whose rendering is singularly free from any suggestion

(2) *Thais*. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Le chêne capitaine*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Le bisca*. Par Lucien Biart. Paris: Charpentier.

(5) *Molière—L'Impromptu de Versailles*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(1) *Sonnailles et clochettes*. Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: Charpentier.

of the burden of the noise of Babel. The English reader who has not the gift of tongues can scarcely be unacquainted with Gustav Freytag's works. Not a few have been translated, and one at least, *Debit and Credit*, enjoyed great popularity some thirty years since. The autobiography of a man of letters does not often present such varied aspects of interest as we find in Freytag's recollections. Politics, literature, journalism, the stage, during some fifty stirring years, all come under the observation and criticism of the author, who was himself something more than a mere observer in these fields of activity. Perhaps yet more engaging than Freytag's sketches of the growth of Young Germany, the first movements of Germanic Confederation, or literary life in Leipsic and Dresden, in the year of Revolution, 1848, are the charming pictures of his childhood and youth in his remote Silesian home, set in wild woods and morasses near the Polish frontier. His sketches of famous actors and managers, of authors such as Auerbach, Tieck, and a host of others, are excellent for point and shrewdness. To those who recall the criticisms of Berlioz and Schumann there is more revelation of the personality of Wagner in Freytag's single anecdote of that composer than in many a so-called *Life* of Wagner. And now that playwrights and managers are so generously bent on instructing the public on the subject of play-writing, Freytag's account of his own method of dramatic construction and composition will be found full of interest.

Mr. H. S. Salt, who edits a selection of Thoreau's essays and addresses, *Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), appears to be greatly disturbed because somebody described Thoreau as "too nearly a stoico-epicurean adhiophorist." But he was really not of that kind of philosopher. As a friendly poet sings—

Much do they wrong our Henry, wise and kind.

Our Henry was an ardent Abolitionist, and Mr. Salt includes in the present volume some of his fervid utterances. His "Plea for Captain John Brown" certainly shows that Thoreau was not centred in indifference. It is in fine and choice terms that he speaks of his hero, the martyr of Harper's Ferry, as one who was educated in "the great University of the West, where he sedulously pursued the study of Liberty, for which he had early betrayed a fondness; and, having taken many degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of Humanity in Kansas, as you know." Thoreau's Concord audience, if not all blinded by partisan spirit, must have wondered where Thoreau took his degree in "humanities" as they listened to this sophistical account of the fanatic's atrocities in Kansas. It is characteristic of Thoreau, the Abolitionist, that he should have nothing but abuse for those who declined to make a martyr of Brown. Those who disagreed with Thoreau had either "much flesh, or much office, or much coarseness." They were "not ethereal," full of "dark qualities," "pachydermatous," and so forth; all of which Thoreau utters "in sorrow, not in anger." The whole address is a sublime picture of the Superior Person.

Mr. T. Ramakrishna's *Life in an Indian Village* (Fisher Unwin) comprises a series of bright and pleasing descriptive sketches, with dialogues, illustrating the manners and customs that prevail in small villages of some fifty or sixty houses in the Madras Presidency. The book is thoroughly interesting and readable. It is always agreeable to read of a peaceful and contented village life such as is depicted in Mr. Ramakrishna's varied and lively pages, the accuracy of which is attested by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, who supplies an excellent introduction.

Map Studies of the Mercantile World, by Dr. John Yeats (Philip & Son), is a notable example of the modern extension of geographical instruction that now obtains in schools. By an ingenious system of charts the nature and sources of the raw and manufactured products of the world may be readily studied in connexion with the text, to which it supplies the clearest and most instructive illustration. The handbook, indeed, is a useful combination of a Commercial Geography and a Physical Geography.

Mr. Henry F. Blandford's *Elementary Geography of India, Burma, and Ceylon* is a valuable addition to "Macmillan's Geographical Series." In method and arrangement it is a model of clearness and conciseness. The woodcuts are good, and the statistical information, admirably tabulated, is neither more nor less than is necessary.

A curious proof of admiration is Mr. Edward Tuckerman Mason's explicit and minute description of a famous stage personation, *The Othello of Tommaso Salvini*, with portraits etched by Mr. R. F. Blum (Putnam's Sons). Mr. Mason follows this memorable performance scene by scene, observing every gesture or action or expression of the actor, permitting himself little in the way of comment and still less of criticism. With the aid of sketch-plans of the stage at various situations of the play the description is really interesting and not unsuggestive.

In recent verse we note Mr. George Barlow's stout volume of lyrics, *From Dawn to Sunset* (Sonnenschein & Co.), a long day of singing, comprising the Songs of "Youth," of "Manhood," and of "riper Manhood," three books of voluble, not to say gushing, rhyming. In *Alypius, and other Poems* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) the Rev. J. H. Balkeley shows considerable poetic accomplishment in treating a variety of themes. The combat between a gigantic Goth and a lithe *Retiarius* in the arena is excellently described in *Alypius*, but the "moral" of the poem is not altogether effectually set forth. *The Prelude*, by Harold Burrows (Fisher Unwin), contains a long poem on the career of a madman, from the stage of incipient insanity to the

final catastrophe. It should be very horrible, and doubtless is meant to curdle the blood within us, yet it moves us rather less than Henry Russell's celebrated descriptive song once did.

The Infant Prodigy is strikingly proclaimed in *May Blossoms* by Lilian (Putnam's Sons), a collection of lyrics written by a little girl between the ages of seven and thirteen, or dictated by the little girl before she had acquired the useful arts of reading and writing. "The tone and spirit of these verses," we are assured, "are always in the direction of the Good and the Beautiful." Lilian is not an infant Byron, but a baby "L.E.L." Here is a specimen, "The Sunny Lake," written at the age of eight:—

The willows bend their graceful boughs,
Down to the waters green;
The sun shines on the lake so fair,
It is a lovely scene!

Dew-drops, like diamonds sparkle bright,
Beneath the sun's gold gaze,
And many lovely flowerets white,
Under its glittering rays.

The boats moor'd on the water's edge;
The arbor on the shore;
The vine-clad rock upon the hill,—
(And I haven't made any more).

Lilian is not always so childlike and ingenuous as in this pretty song.

The new "pocket volume" of *Selections from Robert Browning* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is full of the poet's finest work in song or dramatic lyric, and altogether as good as any selection could be. From *Paracelsus* to *Asolando*, the full range of Browning's poetry is represented in this new and cheap "Selection."

In the "Minerva Library," edited by Mr. G. T. Bettany, we have a reprint of Darwin's *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*, and the *Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands and on South America* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), with introduction to all three works by Professor J. W. Judd.

We have received a new and cheap edition of that delightful work *Our Fancy Pigeons*, and *Rambling Notes of a Naturalist* by Mr. George Ure (Elliot Stock).

The Cabinet Portrait Gallery, First Series (Cassell & Co.), is an attractive album of photographs of distinguished persons by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, with descriptive letterpress.

Mr. E. Marston's account of a trip to Cairo, *How Stanley Wrote "In Darkest Africa"* (Sampson Low & Co.), is a reprint from *Scribner's Magazine*, with additions and illustrations. "How I found Stanley" is a new and pleasing variation on a well-worn theme.

We have also received a new illustrated edition of *Quite at Home*, by F. C. Burnand (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); *The Choruses of the Oberammergau Passion Play*, translated, in rhyme and rhythm, by Mary Frances Drew (Burns & Oates); *A First History of Rome*, by W. S. Robinson, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *Sunbeams on my Path*, by Ebba J. D. Wright (Nisbet); *College School Memories, Gloucester*, by Frederic Hannam-Clark (Gloucester: Packer); a "selection" of "the most beautiful passages" in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, edited by T. Evan Jacob (Reeve & Co.); and an authorized edition, "for circulation in Europe," of *Rakara; or, the Marriage of Loti*, translated from the French by Clara Bell (New York: Gottsberger & Co.).

Holland and its People, by Edmondo de Amicis, translated by Caroline Tilton (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons), is an unchanged reprint of an American translation (it does not appear whether authorized or not), already published in 1880, of an Italian book published some five years earlier. The words "Vandyke Edition" on the title-page are the only indication given to the reader that the translation does not now appear for the first time. No further remark is called for, save that in the Netherlands, as elsewhere, a certain number of things happen in fifteen years. And Signor de Amicis, though a practised and pleasant writer, is not yet an historical classic.

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NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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PARIS.

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